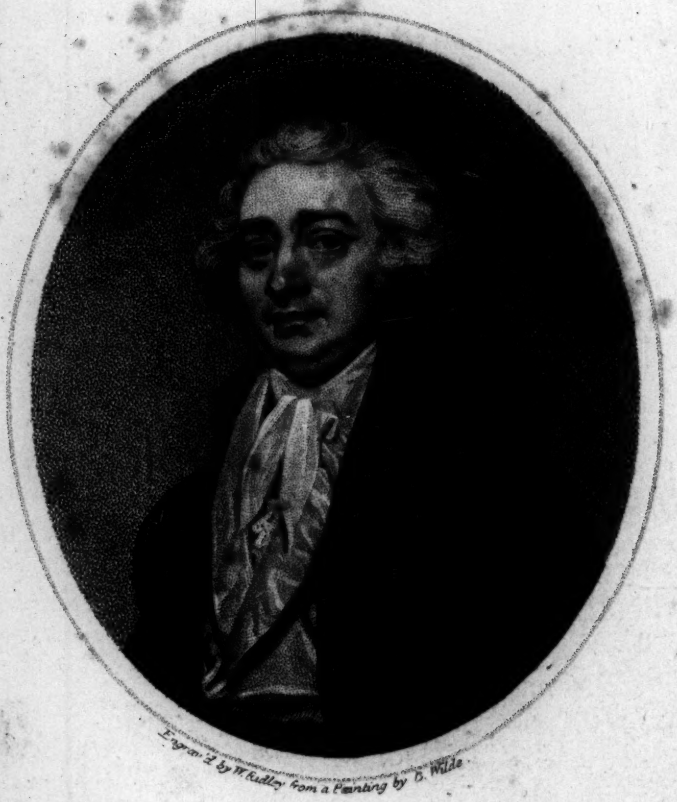
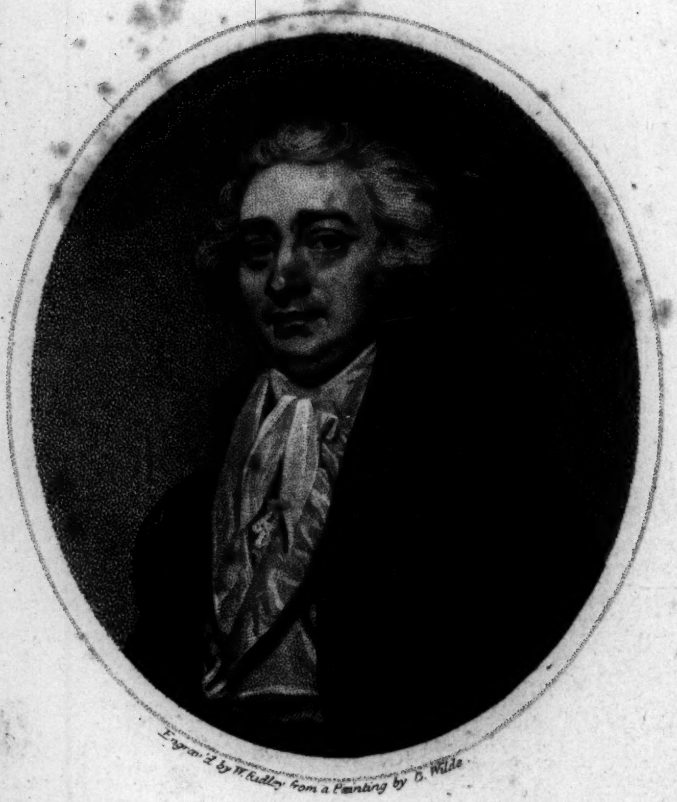


CHARLES DIBDIN. Esq.r

Publish'd July 21 1794 by T Bellamy



CHARLES DIBDIN. Esq.r

Publish'd July 21 1794 by T Bellamy

MISCELLANIES:

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS BELLAMY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY

W. BROWN, BOOKSELLER,

THE CORNER OF ESSEX-STREET,

IN THE STRAND.

1794.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO

CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq.

AS A MARK OF THE

MOST SINCERE RESPECT

AND ESTEEM,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THOMAS BELLAMY.

THE Subjects marked G. M. in the Pages of Contents, were originally written for the General Magazine, and Impartial Review. In preparing them for these Volumes, I have been induced to make material alterations.

Those distinguished by Asterisks, were written for other publications, and are likewise considerably altered.

The ORIGINALS, *come under that head in the second volume.*

To my kind Patrons,

In the fullness of a grateful heart, I beg leave to offer—

THANKS—and GOOD WISHES.

Little Queen-Street,
Lincoln's Inn Fields.
Oct. 1, 1794.

Thomas Bellamy.

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MISCELLANIES.

THE
HERMIT OF THE CAVERN:
A SPANISH STORY.

ALONZO left the abode of happineſs and peace to find out new lands, in company with other adventurers. The repoſe of nations hitherto unknown was to be deſtroyed, and the ſimplicity of hearts corrupted.

Awhile favouring gales accelerated their courſe; every boſom beat high with the proud hope of making freſh diſcoveries, and every heart had formed the cruel reſolution of enſlaving unoffending men. At length the rain deſcended in torrents—the increaſing agitation of the waves threatened deſtruction—the utmoſt efforts of the crew promiſed but little; and their ſituation from alarming became terrible: when a ſight of land not far diſtant gave freſh vigour to exertion. With extreme hazard the

veſſel gained a ſecure harbour from the ſtorm, which ſoon ſubſided; and a night of awful ſuſpenſe was ſucceeded by the opening beauties of a glorious morning.

Alonzo and his companions quitted the ſhip, in order to diſcover the ſituation and nature of the land, which appeared as another Eden, and to ſee if any inhabitants reſided on it. Nor man nor beaſt oppoſed their paſſage; ſilent yet captivating Nature bloomed around, and they wandered on, wrapped in pleaſing wonder, until the ſhades of evening warned them to reviſit the veſſel. Alonzo was miſſing; he had ſtrayed beyond the reach of call; but, being in no apprehenſion for his ſafety, they gave up farther ſearch until returning morn. Alonzo, imperceptibly led from his company, wandered through embowering ſhades, which brought him to a deep rocky valley. Rich verdure, ſtarting out from innumerable apertures, embelliſhed the magnificent ſcene. And now his attention was arreſted by ſounds of the moſt delightful harmony, proceeding from a cavern: the entrance of which, widening by degrees, led to a grand rocky chamber, light, lofty, and extenſive. Here he beheld a venerable old man, before whom were placed large ſhells, collected from the ſea ſhore: theſe he ſtruck with the blade of a broken ſword, which produced the moſt captivating ſounds, whoſe reſponſes had charmed the ear

of Alonzo, while wandering in the valley, which might truly be called the valley of Echo.

The aged inmate of the cavern aroſe on his approach, ſaying, "Whoever thou art, welcome to a poor old man, who has almoſt forgotten a language he yet hopes can now be replied to."—Alonzo rejoined, 'You are from Spain. What rooted ſorrow has fixed you to an abode like this?'

"Young ſtranger," replied the hermit, "my ſtory will try your feelings, if a ſenſe of juſtice and humanity ſaws your boſom. In this cavern a lacerated and guilty heart received the firſt impreſſions of ſhame, ſorrow, and anguiſh. Here mental ſufferings were viſited by heaven-born Repentance. Theſe tuneful ſhells have long ſoothed my bewildered mind with ſounds ſuited to its melancholy, —ſounds which have ſtolen my heart from painful remembrances. But you want refreſhment, and ſuch fare as Providence has beſtowed on an object unworthy of its attention, I will place before you."

The venerable penitent now entered a receſs, from whence he brought ſome ſhell-fiſh, which neceſſity had taught him to render

"Rich to the taſte, and wholeſome to the frame."

Alonzo having ended his repaſt, requeſted to hear the hermit's ſtory; who, ſighing deeply, ſaid, "Attend, and draw inſtruction from the relation.—

"Nurſed in the lap of partial fondneſs, my infant years paſſed on with every wiſh gratified, every error indulged. Donna Iſabella de Ceſpides was eſteemed one of the fineſt women in Madrid. To obtain her, my father, Don Emanuel de Guzman, had oppoſed a family whoſe enmity towards his own was implacable. Her early death, which happened ſoon after their union, involved him in the deepeſt affliction. Her relations threw around him the cruel net of law; and, thus enwebbed, they not only harraſſed his mind, but reduced his fortune to ſo low an ebb as to ſink him into a ſtate of deſpondency. Often would he weep over me in ſilent anguiſh; but it was not until I was fifteen that I found out the real cauſe of his dejection.

"Don Philip de Fernandez, whoſe fortune was equal, but whoſe family was leſs noble than that of my father, had been the approved friend of his youth, the companion of his happier days. Don Philip lived retired: the education of his daughter Elvira engroſſed all his attention. He had likewiſe a ſon about my own age, who had been placed for ſome years under the care of a rich relation, in a diſtant part of the world, whoſe fondneſs for the

youth exceeded that of his own parent. This partiality ſhewn by Don Philip towards his children, was the only drawback upon as noble a heart as Spain could boaſt of. I wiſh I could here omit the relation of my father's conduct towards a gentleman who had a worthy claim to far different treatment, and who, in the moment of diſtreſs, not only made a proffer of a very conſiderable ſum, to ſupport the long conteſted ſuit commenced by the family of Iſabella, which now promiſed a favourable iſſue on the part of Don Manuel, but at the ſame time thus addreſſed him:—'It has been a wiſh long formed in my heart, that Felix and Elvira might be brought up under our mutual care, and that in their union our families might become one: let us then mingle our fates and fortunes; let us live for our children, conſult their happineſs alone, and teach them that goodneſs and felicity go together.'

"Picture to yourſelf the feelings of this worthy man on beholding the cold diſdainful look, and hearing the ſtill more chilling reply, of my father, who obſerved that, as his family was noble, he would never conſent to ſully its dignity; that he had ever treated Don Philip, although an inferior, with a marked diſtinction, which he was ſorry to find had induced him to loſe ſight of the difference between them.—I had then attained the age before-mentioned, and was witneſs to the converſation. Don Philip re-

mained ſilent for ſome time; a tear trickled down his cheek; his heart was wounded; he replied, 'I am ſorry Don Manuel's prejudice is of a nature that common pride forbids me to oppoſe. I feel myſelf inſulted, and am ſenſible we can never meet again. I am likewiſe ſenſible I am ſinking by ſlow but ſure degrees to the grave, and that my duty commands me to die in peace with all the world. Our parting therefore, ſhall not ſtill farther imbitter remembrance on my part; and in the farewel which I now take, I unite bleſſing, pity, and forgiveneſs.'

" My father made no reply; but, with haſty ſteps and folded arms, meaſured the room from one end to the other. This ſullen ſilence ſtill more affected the diſappointed Philip, who beheld him with a look of ſorrow, and departed from a manſion he never again re-entered. In a few months an unlooked-for turn in the long depending cauſe which had preyed upon the peace of Don Manuel, ſuddenly reſtored him to his former affluence. But the ſtab had been given—the wound was working its way to his heart.—His idol, Dignity, had long been tottering to a threatened fall; and, after lingering a few years, Don Manuel fell a martyr to thoſe fears which ought never to diſturb the children of mortality. So much indeed was he wedded to worldly pomp, that even his laſt ſentiments were expreſſive of ſatisfaction that he could die 'with all his ſtate about him.'

"Without a monitor, ſurrounded by ſycophants, I entered upon the world. But, too vain for counſel, too light for friendſhip, my frivolous mind turned only upon ſcenes marked by riot and exceſs; enveloped in ſelf-love, and regardleſs where the torrent of affliction bent its involving courſe, I could behold its ravages unmoved.—Seduction the moſt cruel ſtill ſwelled the catalogue of my offences, accompanied by circumſtances that years of miſery can never atone for. Alas! what ſufferings can expiate, when ſuch offences are viſited with judgment?

"Ever attentive to externals, I raiſed the tomb of Don Manuel, and pretended to mourn his memory, while my heart inwardly rejoiced at an event which left me free to purſue my own inclination. Elvira had ever been the object of my paſſion—I dare not ſay love! I accordingly courted the friendſhip of Don Philip, who received me, poor loſt forgiving man! with open arms, and preſented me with rapture to the blooming Elvira. The celebration of our nuptials accompliſhed his laſt wiſh; and in a few weeks after this event, he breathed his laſt on the pillow of peace, thankful to heaven for uniting his children, as he too fondly imagined, in the bonds of affection and conſtancy.

"Elvira, for a time, engroſſed all my attention.

But too fickle, and too vain for domeſtic happineſs, I at length ſickened at the ſameneſs that marked each revolving day, and again returned to courſes which ſoon ended in deſtruction. If beauty, ſenſe, virtue, and affection, united in a wife, can conſtitute the happineſs of a huſband, and demand a due return, Elvira had the ſtrongeſt claims on my gratitude and love. But in vain I experienced her gentleneſs and truth—in vain I beheld the ſilent tear, haſtily wiped away, which an almoſt breaking heart, too ſenſible to be deceived by an artful ſeeming, had taught to flow in ſecret: in vain the endearments of a ſmiling infant: I wanted a ſoul to feel as a father. I was deſtitute of principle to act as a huſband! And now, finding it no longer needful to play the hypocrite, I gave full ſway to my inclinations. A female domeſtic had for ſome time been the object of my attention. The artifice of this woman was equal to her ambition; for, not content with ruling my heart, and rendering my ear deaf to the plainings of the forſaken Elvira, nothing but abſolute government in my family would ſatisfy her unbounded arrogance: while my poor ſuffering wife confined herſelf to her chamber a priſoner through fear, and ſhrinking from a wretch who had aſſumed her power, and ſtolen from her the affections of a perfidious and unfeeling huſband. It cannot be imagined that a mind of pure refinement, and a frame of extreme delicacy, could long ſtruggle

under ſuch accumulated wrongs: Elvira drooped daily; and I was not ſo far loſt, but that my heart experienced ſome pangs on beholding my poor and long-wept ſuffering angel ſinking to an early tomb, to which I was ſending her. But theſe regrets were momentary; and it was not until the baſe object of my regard had ſo far preſumed on the power ſhe held over me, as to dare to turn the ſorrows of Elvira into ridicule, that I was rouſed by my pride to ſome ſenſe of the abject ſtate into which I had fallen.

"Young ſtranger, you ſeem affected. Alas! the chilling damps of remorſe would ſooner have viſited the boſom of a common villain.—But I had long learned to triumph over common feelings.

"For the firſt time this deſigning woman experienced my diſpleaſure; ſurpriſe overpowered artifice; and, trembling at the frown ſhe had been courting, ſhe ſunk from inſolence to meanneſs.—Elvira's alarming illneſs ſtill farther increaſed my diſguſt, and I became penſive and melancholy. The paſt imbittered reflection; the ſufferings of Elvira haunted my imagination, rendering my dreams terrible, and the hours of night dark indeed! My only walk was in a grove, the ſhades of which were almoſt impenetrable to the ſun. I was one day ruminating in this ſpot over the cauſe of my loſt hap-

pineſs, when my attention was arreſted by the ſudden appearance of a youthful ſtranger, whoſe form was as elegant as his aſpect was commanding. He advanced ſwiftly, and ſaid, 'Do not I behold Don Felix, the owner of yonder caſtle?' There was a ſternneſs in his manner which induced me to reply, that gentler looks, and words leſs empaſſioned, would become him better, while addreſſing Don Felix: adding, 'if I miſtake not, Don Carlos, the brother of Elvira, is now before me.' He inſtantly rejoined, that, to my confuſion, he *was* Elvira's brother; and upbraided me for my cruelty towards her in terms too ſevere for a ſpirit like mine to brook, conſiſtent with thoſe falſe notions of honour which ſway the boſoms of the violent and unprincipled.

"To complete my cruelty to Elvira, I became her brother's murderer. Mutual reproaches brought on a fatal conteſt—my ſword pierced the boſom of the noble youth—and as the light of heaven cloſed on Don Carlos, the night of exiſtence encompaſſed the wretched Felix. On beholding my victim fall, my heart was ſtruck with ſudden deſperation—my caſtle was ſoon to echo with the piercing ſhrieks of an injured wife wailing over the bleeding corſe of a long expected and beloved brother; therefore to enter its gates again was impoſſible! That ignominy which my conduct merited, my pride revolted at. Flight only could prevent public puniſhment. I

therefore loſt no time in gaining the firſt port, where I found a veſſel ready to ſail for St. Domingo, in which I embarked, completely wretched, and determined to hide my head where ſearch could never find me. About ſix weeks after we had ſet ſail, I beheld, with gloomy ſatisfaction, that ſtorm approaching, which filled all the mariners with dread. Thunder, lightning, rain, and a tremendous ſea appalled every heart but mine. I conſidered myſelf as the wretch whom heaven was purſuing with the rage of elements, and that on my account the veſſel was devoted. I now heard the ſeamen buſy at cutting away the main maſt, which, with a tremendous ſhock, went over the ſhip's ſide! and now, expecting to go down every moment, a ſudden ſwell precipitated the veſſel againſt a rock, which, with all its wretched inmates, was inſtantly entombed in the deep and terrible ocean. I was borne by a wave to a cavity in the rock, a point of which wounding my ſide, awakened me to a ſenſe of feeling. Though encompaſſed with horrors, I had yet a chance for life. Wicked men may pretend to brave death, but its inſtant terrors muſt and will appal them. An hour's exiſtence to make my peace with heaven was all I could hope for, but even that hour ſeemed worth the ſtruggling for, and now another wave would have ſwept me back again; but the lightning, dreadful as it was at this inſtant, proved the means of my preſervation. I diſcovered

a receſs in the rock, into which I crept, and when the ſea left me, by the ſame light I proceeded beyond the reach of the waters: and now the ſtorm abating, the lightning ceaſed by degrees, and in a few hours I heard the appeaſed waves gently laſhing the baſe of my aſylum. The morn aroſe with ſplendour doubly glorious. Imagine to yourſelf the ideas of a man raiſed from death to life, and removed to a part of the world where he beheld the ſun ſhine forth with a ſplendour before unknown to him, and even unconceived: placed too in ſafety, near the ſummit of a grand and ſhelving rock, forming one of a vaſt and continued range, ſkirting a glorious ſea, while the eye looks in vain for an oppoſing ſhore! Such was my ſituation, and I bleſſed with fervency the power which preſerved me.

" A winding way near the eminence on which I ſtood led me by a gentle deſcent to this retreat. The ſea ſhore furniſhed me with ſhell fiſh for food; and the verdant ſides of the valley with leaves on which to repoſe.

" I now became ſenſible to the calls of hunger; my ſword, although broken as you ſee, yet hung by my ſide; I again examined my garden of ſweets, and diſcovered a bed of moſs; which had been dried by the ſun; of this I gathered, and ſtriking my ſword againſt the flinty ſide of my cavern, I ſet

it in a flame; by theſe means I prepared my fiſh, and with a thankful heart made a moſt luxuriant meal.

" The next morning I aroſe, after a repoſe as calm as my pained mind would permit, and had not proceeded far before I came to the adjoining wood, which abounded with the richeſt fruits. Here let me cloſe the hiſtory of my guilty life; full many a year have I wept for my offences, and I yet truſt to meet thoſe whoſe hearts I have wounded in the regions of immortality. Your agitation during my ſad ſtory has made my heart bleed afreſh; for if the relation of crimes committed can thus affect my hearer, what a wretch muſt I have been, to have acted ſuch crimes with a heart unfeeling as this ſtone on which I am reſting!"

" Revered and reſpected mourner," replied Alonzo, " little do you imagine the cauſe of my agitation. For thus on my knees I ſupplicate the bleſſing of a father!" " A father!" " Yes," replied Alonzo, riſing and opening his breaſt, " Know you this picture?" " Myſterious heaven! the ſame I gave Elvira! Say quickly if ſhe lives?" " Yes, my honoured parent," replied Alonzo, " Your Elvira lives a ſaint in heaven, where you and I ſhall one day join her. The Hermit bowed his head; paſt a few minutes in ſolemn ejaculations to the diſpoſer

of human events; then, riſing, fell on the neck of his ſon, and wept over him." When the ſurpriſe and rapture of both father and ſon were ſomewhat ſubſided, Alonzo, at the requeſt of his father, took up the melancholy narrative.

" It would not be in my power," ſaid Alonzo, " to gratify the deſire you muſt naturally have to learn every particular reſpecting the fate of thoſe from whom the event you have juſt related doomed you to quit ſo precipitately, if I had not experienced in Don Carlos, from my infancy, the protection of a father, and, from my manhood, the attention of a friend: frequent converſations with that worthy man have enabled me to relate every circumſtance you wiſh to be informed of. The melancholy which oppreſſed you was too evident not to be obſerved by Elvira, who would gladly have ſacrificed her life to your happineſs and comfort; and it was with the utmoſt concern that ſhe received intelligence, on the approach of evening, that the time of your uſual return had been greatly exceeded. Two meſſengers were diſpatched to the grove, who were much alarmed on hearing the moan of diſtreſs. They immediately haſtened to the ſpot from whence it proceeded, where they beheld Don Carlos extended, and faint with loſs of blood. They inſtantly raiſed and ſupported him to the caſtle. Don Carlos then informed the domeſtics who he was, but

charged them not to announce his arrival to his ſiſter until a ſurgeon had examined his wound.—Convinced of the propriety of obeying this injunction, they repaired to the agitated Elvira with the heart-rending intelligence that they had ſearched for you in vain.—The hurt Don Carlos had received was found to be but ſlight; he therefore gave orders that Elvira ſhould be informed that he was in the caſtle.—The meeting between my mother and this moſt valuable of men, was, as might be expected, affectionate and impaſſioned. My uncle, with a guarded conduct worthy of his manly and collected mind, heard the pathetic bodings of Elvira, and admired and pitied the generous ſorrow which fed on itſelf, rather than give up the cauſe to the ſudden violence of paſſion, or to the more fatal determination of revenge. The night advancing, Don Carlos prevailed on my mother to retire, entreated ſhe would diſmiſs, as far as poſſible, her apprehenſions, and endeavour to gain a little repoſe. But, alas! the hours of darkneſs were filled up with the bitterneſs of anguiſh, Don Carlos cloſed not his eyes in ſleep, but, chuſing a chamber adjoining that of his ſiſter, he was attentive only to the deep ſobs which he diſtinctly heard, and which made him tremble for the taſk of explanation he had to perform in the morning. At length its light returned; when, riſing early, he waited the appearance of Elvira.—It was not long before ſhe entered the parlour

and, after the greetings of the morning, Don Carlos requeſted her attention to a circumſtance, he had to relate, which equally concerned them both. He then proceeded—" To bear with fortitude and reſignation, my beloved ſiſter, the ills that are ſure to viſit us during our continuance in this world of trial, is the duty of thoſe whoſe minds have been trained up to the love and practice of virtue, and who have been taught to look forward to the unmixed felicity which will attend a future ſtate.—The ſhadowy vale of human exiſtence is beſet with the wiles of guilt, and engloomed with the clouds of adverſity. Your lot and mine, my ſiſter is that of ſorrow; but we muſt bear our ſufferings with patience and humility. O, my Elvira! you know not the tyranny of the paſſions, and cannot imagine how deeply your brother has ſinned againſt the dictates of that religion he has been taught to revere. I have, my ſiſter, oppoſed wrong with wrong, and violence with violence; I have offended heaven, and feel, in a wounded mind, the puniſhment I have too juſtly merited. I had forgotten, in the fury of my reſentment, that the bolts of vengeance are in the hands of the Almighty, who alone knows when and where to diſcharge them; but the mercy of Heaven has ſaved me from the guilt of murder. The arm of my antagoniſt, raiſed in its own defence, by proving more powerful than that of Elvira's brother, has preſerved the life of Elvira's HUSBAND!" My

mother, on hearing the concluſion of this empaſſioned addreſs, was very near fainting; but ſhe ſoon revived, and attended, with a tolerable degree of calmneſs, to the whole of what had paſſed between my uncle and yourſelf. In a little time the hurt Don Carlos had received was entirely healed, and he made every poſſible inquiry concerning you, but in vain. The affliction ariſing from an ignorance of your fate, preſſed heavy on his boſom; he heard with pain and pity the whole of that conduct which you have ſo deeply condemned, and was continually accuſing himſelf as the cauſe of my mother's melancholy.

"I paſs over in ſilence the few incidents which marked the years of my infancy. During their courſe I had often heard my uncle and mother hold converſation concerning yourſelf, which always terminated in tears. On theſe occaſions I felt and queſtioned as a child, but was only anſwered with embraces, and a promiſe that I ſhould one day know the hiſtory of my father.—When I had attained my tenth year, that promiſe was performed by my uncle in the tendereſt manner.—After your tale was told, he led me to the chamber of my expiring parent.—You weep, ſir; I will ſuſpend my narrative." "No," replied the hermit; "proceed; for I will follow her through the road of ſorrow and repentance to that heaven where all tears ſhall be wiped away."—Alonzo proceeded—"The laſt time I be-

held my honoured mother was a few days before her departure. My uncle led me to her bed-ſide, and ſaid," "My dear Elvira, here is your child, give him your bleſſing; and if it be the will of heaven that we muſt ſhortly part for a ſeaſon, may that ſeaſon be long enough for me to perform the duty of a father and a friend. Let but the dangerous period of youth paſs over the head of your ſon, that I may leave him with reaſon for his guide, and I ſhall then lie down in peace, truſting that, from the example that has been ſet before him, he will neither render himſelf unhappy by his follies, nor injure ſociety by his offences."—"My mother, with a placid ſmile, expreſſive of thankfulneſs to her brother and tenderneſs to me, leaned forward to encloſe me in her never-to-be-forgotten embrace. With a deep ſigh ſhe took this picture from her neck, and placed it upon mine; then preſſed her pale lips to my cheek, and graſped my hand in her's; while her heart ſeemed too full for utterance. At length a deep ſigh forced its way, while looking wiſtfully in my face, ſhe addreſſed me in words which will for ever exiſt in my memory, and live in my heart."—"Beloved ſemblance of a poor wanderer from his home, and from thoſe who loved him, I inveſt thee with the ſilent image of thy abſent parent: look on it, my child, until death, with reverence; remember it was valuable to thy afflicted mother, and let that remembrance induce thee, if ever its long loſt and dear

original ſhould return, to give him that honour and affection which is due from a ſon to a father. I have ever obſerved in you an amiable diſpoſition; which, I truſt, will render your life eaſy and your death happy. Look up, at all times, to this dear friend to you and me; and to be good—learn to copy him." "Here my uncle ſhed tears, and gently withdrawing me from Elvira, fell on his knees. I accompanied, inſtinctively, this beſt of men, and, kneeling with him, promiſed to remember and perform her ſolemn charge, if ever Providence ſhould enable me to do ſo. I then roſe with my uncle, by whom I was led, deeply affected with ſuppreſſed ſobbings, from the mournful chamber. It might be ſaid of my long ſuffering mother, that

> "Beſide her couch Death took his patient ſtand,
> And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow."

"But not, as the ſame elegant writer adds,

> "To wean her from a world ſhe lov'd too well."

"For your Elvira, my father, had paſſed a life of piety and reſignation. Don Carlos, in whom was united the affectionate uncle and endearing friend, has frequently, in converſation, dwelt on her ſorrows, her goodneſs, her beauty, and particularly on that "patient bearing" which marked her conduct through every trying ſcene of her intereſting exiſtence. To him ſhe would relate how ſtrongly her earlieſt regard was fixed on you; how, when but

children together, ſhe would watch the infant wiſhes that aroſe in your boſom; and what pure delight preſſed upon her's, if haply it were in her power at any time to gratify them. Then would ſhe advance onward to the commencement of her ſorrows in the cruel refuſal of your father to the union propoſed by her's. But here, ſir, your guſhing tears prevent my proceeding farther; too well you know and feel the reſt. I meant to comfort, and not to wring your heart, by——" "O my child! my child!" interrupted the hermit, "you do not wring, you relieve my heart; and theſe tears bring comfort with them. I am thankful to heaven, who gives them to flow. I weep only at the diſcovery you have made, for ſuch was the delicacy of the loſt Elvira's affection, that I knew not before the extent of her love towards me, ingrate! in every reſpect ſo utterly unworthy of ſo refined a regard."

Alonzo, at the requeſt of the hermit, to dwell on every particular; related the laſt affecting converſation between Carlos and Elvira; at the cloſe of which the latter ſunk on the arm of her brother, and ſlept in peace. "Thus my father," he continued, "have I related every particular concerning the dear departed. My uncle, being a finiſhed ſcholar, took upon himſelf the charge of my education. Under ſuch a tutor my ſtudies proved delightful; and, before I was ſixteen, the taſk was

completed. I now, ſir, have to relate a circumſtance which I am ſure will affect you as much as it has affected your ſon.

" Don Carlos had ever been remarkably fond of hunting; and one fatal day, in the rapidity of the chaſe, he was flung from his horſe, and broke his arm. The pain ariſing from the accident brought on a fever, which proved fatal, and deprived me of a worthy relation, and a dear and valuable friend. For a long time I was inconſolable for a loſs which was never to be made up. In vain I endeavoured to divert my melancholy days by reading and ſociety. I found no companion equal to that I had been thus ſuddenly bereft of: and I turned to no book but what reminded me of its dear and late owner; its moſt ſtriking paſſages having been pointed out by that moſt amiable and deſerving of men.

" The world becoming thus a blank, I yet endeavoured to bear up, as my duty ſuggeſted, againſt the preſſure of dejection; and, willing to quit for a time a ſpot which was continually bringing to my recollection hours of happineſs for ever gone by, I determined to accompany my companions, who are now ranging this delightful garden of pure and unaſſiſted Nature, who beſt knows how to deck and beautify her glorious works: with them I have indeed made a voyage of *diſcovery*; and, in finding

the revered author of my being, to whom I have ſurely been guided by the hand of Providence, I end my purſuit."

As if they had waited for its cloſe, the narrative of Alonzo was ſucceeded by the appearance of his friends, to whom he preſented the hermit, who was received by them with all that reverence his venerable and majeſtic preſence inſpired; for religion had dignified his countenance, and ſorrow had marked his manner with that nameleſs ſomething with which ſhe ſometimes inveſts her mourning children; and which at once raiſes commiſeration and commands reſpect. It remains only to inform the reader that Alonzo and his party, accompanied by the hermit, who ſhed tears on quitting his cavern, departed from the iſland, which has been ſince peopled, and is now another Eden, filled with the children of ſimplicity and peace.

The reflections which aroſe in the hermit's mind on reviſiting his caſtle were afflicting in the extreme. Alonzo exerted every endeavour to ſooth the ſorrows of his parent, which were not to be eraſed from a heart doomed to ſink under them. The bitter paſt, preyed upon his ſoul, and in a few months brought him to his grave. His laſt words to Alonzo were, "In remembrance of the harbour of ſafety from the threatening ſtorm;—The chamber of repentance

to a wanderer from his God;—The ſcene where an erring and humbled father embraced the beſt of ſons: let the ſtone that covers me ſay no more to the wanderer among the tombs, than,

HERE RESTS

THE HERMIT OF THE CAVERN."

THE
BRITISH BARONS.

ARRIVING at Mortimer Caſtle, Sir Elmer Woodley requeſted permiſſion to view that magnificent edifice. Cornelia, the venerable conſort of its no leſs venerable owner, received her illuſtrious viſitors, conſiſting of Sir Elmer, his lady, and their little Emmeline, with the ſame courteſy as Sir Edward would have done, had he been preſent.

On entering the picture gallery, the gentle Emmeline exclaimed, " What an affecting ſubject is here!" Cornelia replied, " Think you ſo my child!"

"I muſt think ſo or want a heart. What diſtreſs and anguiſh in that countenance, and the partners of her flight!—ſee how they look up and ſeem to ſhare her ſorrow!—are they not her children?" "They are perfect images of her children, at leaſt to me they appear ſo." "And is that the perfect image of their mother?" "It *was*, my little friend." "Then they muſt have loved her: what dignity in that form! what goodneſs in that face!" Cornelia was affected, and to hide her emotion turned towards the window. Before they quitted the gallery, Emmeline repeatedly turned back to contemplate the ſilent objects which had ſo deeply engaged her attention.

Entering the library, "Here," ſaid Cornelia, "I ſit, and think, and weep; this lofty roof and theſe painted windows give a penſive gloom that accords with the feelings of a heart long eſtranged from the world. Here uninterrupted and retired I dedicate my waining life to that Being who in a little time will exchange earthly affliction, for heavenly felicity. If the relation of a life chequered as mine has been, is worthy your attention, I feel a wiſh to engage it.—The ſcene your Emmeline beheld with ſuch emotion is a production from memory. Dear in that memory were the beloved babes, whoſe likeneſs is there traced by the hand of a ſorrowing mother, to whom they are loſt for ever."

" Sir William Harcourt, in his perſon elegant; but in his heart perfidious; came to the caſtle of my father, ſought my hand, and obtained it. In my ſixteenth ſummer our union took place, and from that time I became wretched. For ſeven weary years I lived with my tyrannic lord in a continual ſtate of anxiety and alarm, for his temper was violent, and his anger dreadful. The only ſon of Sir Owen Seymour, long the object of his hatred, became at length its victim. At a banquet given by the father, the cauſe of enmity was revived, a conteſt enſued, and in the ſtruggle Sir William plunged his too ready dagger into the heart of as fine a youth as ever bleſſed an illuſtrious parent.—His only child thus murdered, the kindred of Sir Owen enraged and fluſhed with wine, inſtantly diſarmed my vindictive and wretched huſband. From a window of our caſtle I ſaw him dragged towards it by a party whoſe execrations filled the air:—they were followed by attendants bearing torches, which were to light the flames of ruin.

" The few domeſtics in the caſtle attempted not to reſcue their maſter, whom, alas! they had long deteſted: they all fled except three, who bore me ſenſeleſs to a private dungeon, ſo ſituated as to evade the ſtricteſt ſearch. But though hid from ſight, its trembling inmates could diſtinctly hear every word which was uttered. In a little time I recovered; my

babes were weeping over me, and my faithful attendants ſaid all they could to ſooth my anguiſh.—I inſiſted on knowing the dreadful truth, and learned that, diſappointed in not finding his wretched wife and offspring; his enemies told Sir William that after he had fallen a victim to their juſt revenge; their daggers ſhould remain unſheathed until the utter deſtruction of his name and family was completed.—The dying groans of my devoted lord ſucceeded the dreadful threat, and we ſoon were taught by the crackling of the flames, which were conſuming the caſtle, the horrid uſe they made of their torches. Till dead of night we lay concealed; and then proceeded along a winding paſſage, till we came to a few ſtone ſteps leading to a trap-door; letting down which, my guides moved a large ſtone which formed part of the pavement of the middle court. On that pavement we now ſtood, and beheld a ſcene ſo full of horror, that my heart at this moment ſhrinks from the recollection. Figure to yourſelf, a manſion which for extent and grandeur had but few equals, its naked walls only remaining, and theſe, here and there, preſenting dreadful chaſms, where parts had given way to the deſtructive conflagration; while gleams of horror, from ſhattered caſements, chequered the pavement whereon we ſtood. But why do I ſay, figure to yourſelf! You cannot figure what was awful beyond imagination to picture or words to expreſs. You cannot figure the terror

of the heavens above, in conjunction with the devaſtation on the earth beneath! Poor trembling and diſmayed objects, none can tell, and none conceive the ſtate of our minds. Now ſhuddering at the ſound of the falling towers. Now alarmed by the pealing thunder and the livid lightning!

"In this heart-rending ſituation, I remained for ſome time with my dear babes, whoſe piteous plaints pierced the agitated boſom of their wretched mother. The hopeleſs innocents beheld with inquiring eyes the tear I could not check, the ſigh I could not ſtifle: they heard the deſpair-prompted exclamations which I uttered at intervals! they looked around them on devaſtation and horror; ſhrieked at the ſound of the falling ruins; and turned away from the ſoothing voice of conſolation.

"The ſtorm at length ſubſiding, and returning day appearing to glimmer in the diſtant ſcene, my companions adviſed me to quit a place where I was ſurrounded with danger. Reaſon had not entirely deſerted me, and I was prevailed upon to follow them through ways the moſt obſcure and unfrequented; that by ſuch caution we might avoid the purſuit of thoſe who thirſted for the full completion of their vengeance.

"We came at length to a dreary waſte, bounded

by an extenſive wood. Like my mind, involved in gloom was the ſcene;—like my fate, forlorn and melancholy were its objects!

" With exceſſive trouble and fatigue we forced our way through entangled briars which impeded our progreſs. For three long dreary miles we journeyed on, and when we quitted the labyrinth which appeared as if it had never been paſſed before by mortal feet; Humphrey, a faithful domeſtic, who had paſſed from youth to age in the ſervice of my father; overcome by his unremitted exertions, requeſted the indulgence of a little reſt. Seating himſelf upon a riſing ground, he ſaid, " My honoured lady you may now conſider yourſelf beyond the reach of your enemies; as they cannot ſuſpect that any mortal being would attempt to enter that gloomy wood we have juſt paſt.

" On the other ſide of this rivulet, ſtands the cottage of my poor ſiſter Jane, who has been confined long by achs and pains to her own little home and garden. Ah Madam! now my heart tells me how I ought to remember your goodneſs, by which ſhe has lived in eaſe, and her days not cut ſhort as they would have been, but for that relief which came from your bounty.

' O how thankful will ſhe be to have her dear

honoured lady under the ſhelter of her roof: and how will ſhe weep when I tell her what brought you to it. I can now ſtep forward, it is but a ſhort half mile to Jane's dwelling place, who for her miſtreſs ſhall prepare her humble board, and ſtill more humble couch." We aroſe, and proceeding a little way, came to a ſhallow part of the ſtream, which paſſing we gained the oppoſite ſhore. Our way now lay through a wilderneſs leſs wild than that we left behind, and at any other time I ſhould have admired the beauty of a ſpot that owed no obligations to art for its enchanting beauties. Unobſerved we approached the cottage; the good woman was walking in a ſmall encloſure before her ſecluded manſion, nearly covered by the embracing ivy, the modeſt jeſſamine, and the flaunting honey-ſuckle; leaning on her ſupporting crutch with one hand, and plucking up ſome intruding weeds with the other; when raiſing her head ſhe beheld the little party of calamity. Surpriſe forbade her utterance for a moment; ſhe looked on the melancholy objects which preſented themſelves to view, and but for her brother's prevention would have ſunk to the earth; ſo greatly had our ſudden and unlooked-for appearance affected her. Seeing her inquiring looks, as he led his ſiſter to them; Humphrey ſaid, "All's well Jane, all's well, at leaſt we hope ſo." The worthy Jane replied, "How comes it then, that my benevolent protector appears with

the look of anguiſh and of ſorrow?—ſomething tells me, all is not right!"

"The refreſhment placed before me, I could not partake of; I was conveyed inſenſible to my chamber and a fever ſucceeded, which in nine days reduced me to the edge of the grave. At the end of that time my reaſon returned, but I remained for ſeveral weeks in ſo weak a ſtate as to leave no hopes of recovery. I ſay *hopes*, for, alas! although wretched, my precious babes, had no other protection. Jane, the tender hearted Jane, did all ſhe could to adminiſter comfort, but all her endeavours could not lighten the preſſure of woes like mine! Conſidering my recovery as impoſſible, I called my benevolent nurſe to my bed-ſide, I beſought her when I was dead to be a mother to my children; conceal their birth; teach them her own virtues; bring them up in the habits of induſtry; and impreſs upon their tender minds the duties of humility and contentment.

"Notwithſtanding my reduced ſtate, it pleaſed heaven to prolong my life, and to increaſe my ſorrows. Nothing could exceed the tenderneſs of my affectionate nurſe. I recovered from my illneſs; but, alas! I ſtill laboured under that which no medicine could relieve or ſoften. A wounded mind rendered my days dreary and comfortleſs, and denied to my

nights that repoſe which nature in vain demanded from deſpair. On a fatal hour to the aged Jane, I propoſed a walk by the ſide of the little ſtream which ſkirted the wood; the melancholy relation of our mutual miſeries ſerved us for converſation, while my little boy was playfully purſuing a painted butterfly, whoſe gaudy appearance had arreſted his attention. The evening was remarkably fine and ſtill: now and then, indeed, a gentle breeze ſighed among the willows that ſhaded the tranſparent water which reflected their beauties, as well as thoſe of the ſun-illumined clouds, which appeared as ſo many ſplendid maſſes of variegated and burniſhed gold.

" My venerable comforter, whoſe mind was enriched by frequent meditations on the goodneſs of that omnipotent Power to whom ſhe looked up with an humble and ſteady truſt in its mercy and protection, endeavoured by every ſoothing argument to aſſuage the ſharpneſs of my affliction; ſhe ſet forth, in language which entered into my heart, the duty I ſhould endeavour to perform, conſiſtent with my character as a mother.

" My ſon now ran playfully towards us, he had caught the butterfly, and held it up entreating my admiration. " My beſt child," ſaid I, " go place the unoffending inſect from whence you ſiezed it: know you not that you have dragged it from thoſe

ſweets which are the comforts of its day: from thoſe ſweets which you have not beſtowed?" The little fellow looked earneſtly in my face, and, while the tear gliſtened in his eye, ſet the priſoner free. To you, Madam, this incident will not appear trifling. The ſenſibility, the humanity of my loſt babe filled his mother's heart—which exulted on the occaſion; while, as if conſcious of its ſafety, the object juſt liberated ſtill fluttered within the reach of its late poſſeſſor.

" He had juſt left my ſide, when three men ruſhed from a thicket; ſeized him; croſſed the ſtream, which was ſhallow at that fatal ſpot; and entering the wood, bore away my poor infant, whoſe cries pierced the heart of his wretched mother; rendered ſtill more wretched as they died away by degrees and ſhe could hear them no longer!

" My trembling companion, terrified and diſmayed, was bereft for a time of the powers of utterance. I turned towards the cottage in ſearch of her brother; my looks alarmed him; I explained the cauſe. He inſtantly ſeized a hanger which had been his father's, who had fought and fell for his country. I expreſſed my fears for his ſafety: he replied, " My days to come are not many; I devote them to you and yours; this weapon was never employed unworthily, I draw it once more; and put my truſt in heaven." He ſaid

no more, but haſtily proceeded to the wood, which I ſaw him enter, but from which I never beheld him return.

" Silent and ſorrowing we paſſed the night on the mournful ſpot where expectation had fixed us. All was ſtill. The moon ſhone with uncommon brightneſs; while its beams reflected on an object which cauſed my heart to tremble in its place. On the branch of a tree, on the other ſide of the ſtream, I beheld the hanger which my brave domeſtic had lately graſped in his too determined hand. I uttered a faint cry, which rouſed my partner in affliction from a ſtupor which had ſeized her from the time of her brother's departure: ſhe had been ſitting on a bank at a little diſtance, from which ſhe aroſe, and advanced towards me, to inquire the cauſe of my agitation.

" Why, O why," I exclaimed, " have we remained in this dreadful place?" " How could we leave it?" rejoined my fellow ſufferer, " how could we leave a ſpot from whence a child has been torn from a mother's arms—from whence a brother has juſt departed, and left a ſiſter deſolate and forlorn?"

" The unhappy woman, perceiving I continued looking ſtedfaſtly on the tree which bore the ſignal which was to wring her heart, at length diſcovered it herſelf. The moment ſhe perceived the heart-

rending object, ſhe haſtily returned to her former ſeat. Her manner alarmed me: I preſſed her hand in mine, it was cold as lifeleſs clay: a trembling fit ſucceeded, after which a flood of tears removed my apprehenſions of her inſtant diſſolution. We now remained ſeated by each other's ſide, looking by turns on the fatal weapon, and by turns ſhedding tears for its owner's fate. A long ſilence enſued; which was at length broken by a voice which iſſued from the wood, and which conveyed theſe dreadful words, "Vain and weak woman, I have had my revenge: I ſhall ſpill no more blood. The weapon on the tree is ſtained with that of your child, and the officious wretch who preſumed to ſave him.—Nothing, therefore, remains for you, but to *deſpair and die*."

"We were now bereft of our comforters for ever; they were butchered by cruel and unfeeling men, to glut the thirſt of revenge, inſatiable as unjuſt; for, alas! what had my venerable and faithful domeſtic done? wherein had my lovely murdered babe offended?

"With difficulty I gained the door of the cottage: it was opened by a young female, who had been employed by her conſiderate brother in thoſe domeſtic offices which Jane's infirmities and age forbade her attending to. The poor girl aſſiſted me in ſupporting her miſtreſs to her chamber, where, in a

ſtate of inſenſibility, ſhe lingered for two days in ſpeechleſs anguiſh, and on the third, before the ſun went down, reſigned her miſeries with her exiſtence. I was now abandoned to the ſeverity of my fate, without a hope, without a comforter; yet, ſupported by religion, I ſuſtained the burthen of my afflictions, and forgot not, that a remaining infant, then on its recovery from a ſlight indiſpoſition, ſtood in need of my care and protection. My young attendant became much attached to me: her firſt employ in my ſervice was, indeed, a mournful one; it was to procure the private interment of the departed Jane. Beneath the ſpreading branches of an ancient oak we ſaw the body depoſited. Often had the good creature ſat beneath its ſhade, meditating on the ſcriptures of her God; an act which *conſecrated* the ſpot neceſſity had choſen.

" Honoria; Robert, the youth of her choice, and myſelf, were the only mourners: but if ever the tears of affection were ſhed on the ſod which covers frail mortality, they were ſhed on that which covered her venerable remains.

" It was my intention, on the recovery of my child, to retire to ſome remote corner of the world, where, unknown and ſurely unenvied, I might paſs the remnant of my days, employed only in the care of my ſon; truſting, that if I could not leave him

in the poſſeſſion of wealth, he might ſtill be rich in the principles of virtue and honour.

" Alas! this deſign was fruſtrated; affliction had ſunk me very low; I was fated to be completely wretched, and yet live till the laſt grain which was to fill up the meaſure of my woes was dealt forth by deſtiny with an unpitying hand.

" You might, with reaſon, imagine that my fears would have induced me to quit my habitation without delay. But, alas! where there is no hope, there is no fear; the ſpot was endeared to me by the ties of mournful remembrances, and to the feeling heart thoſe ties are ſacred.

" The walk, which memory had rendered gloomy and forlorn, I ſtill choſe for evening contemplation: the hanger yet remained in the tree, a monument of unfortunate attachment and unexampled fidelity. A few weeks paſſed on, and then ſober autumn ſucceeded a ſummer which had proved remarkably fine. The evenings ſtill continued calm and beautiful; I indulged my griefs in ſolitude; and Nature, as if in pity to my woes, gave ſtillneſs and attraction to my favourite haunt.

" The heart of my attendant was at once tender and amiable; her attention to my ſick child rendered

her doubly dear, while her unaffected concern, expreſſed in a guarded and reſpectful manner, convinced me that education may, indeed, improve, but never can produce, that genuine elegance of mind, which is derived from nature alone. My diſintereſted maiden could boaſt of no other teacher; yet her mind was enriched with thoſe genuine virtues, which, allied to ſimplicity and truth, are but too often deſtroyed by a knowledge of the world: in whoſe broad and beaten paths, falſe Pleaſure, with enticing ſmile; Folly, with unbluſhing front; Hypocriſy, with ſtudied ſemblance; and all the long tribe of deſtroyers, which, in peopled cities, aſſail the human heart; ſpread among the unthinking multitude thoſe fatal deluſions which faſcinate for a ſeaſon, and then deliver up their victims to ſelf-inflicted puniſhment.

" During a long and dreary winter, whoſe glooms increaſed the wildneſs of the ſequeſtered ſcenes which I beheld from the window of my humble cot, I gathered ſtrength, and, even comfort. Honoria and my child were my only ſociety, and the hours between riſing and reſt were uniformly employed in improving their underſtandings, by leſſons which I had drawn from experience. Thus I converted my griefs into bleſſings, and ſtruggled againſt Deſpair; who, at length, was entirely overcome by Miſery's only friend—Religion.

" Returning ſpring converted my wilderneſs into an earthly paradiſe; the ſcenery, which at every turn " confeſs'd the hand that form'd it was divine," glowed with beauty. My remaining child, reſtored to perfect health, wantoned on the open lawn, and in the enamelled vale culled flowrets to adorn our dwelling. Theſe I received as precious emblems of my darling's purity; and ſometimes I would indulge a ſigh over the fading roſe, and the drooping lily, prematurely plucked from their native bed, and periſhing before their time. Thus we lived in peace and innocence—the calmneſs I enjoyed was indeed a gift from heaven; for, alas! *earth* denied it! And if, at intervals, I turned my thoughts that way, I could only ſigh over ſcenes which tortured recollection but too ſtrongly recalled; I could only derive ſtrength to bear, by conſidering myſelf " as a ſojourner in a ſtrange land;" then giving way to thoſe tears which nature demanded, and which relieved my overcharged boſom, I ſought the page of eternal life, and meditated on the words, " Bleſſed are thoſe that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted."

" One morning, waking earlier than uſual, I aroſe, and purſued my way along the ſtream which run murmuring in its clear and limpid courſe beſide the wood, whoſe deep ſhades here and there giving entrance to the rays of the ſun, illumed its gloomy paths only to increaſe their horror. Here I indulged

my imagination, perhaps improperly. The hollow of a decayed oak, which, though in ruins, was ſtill bedecked with verdure, afforded a reſting place, where I ſat and viewed the twilight depths of the ſcene before me: a gentle breeze gave motion to the foliage, and I ſunk by degrees into a viſionary languor; during which, Fancy preſented the infant which had been torn from me; methought he advanced from the wood, while the ſtream, dividing, afforded him a paſſage to his enraptured mother. The deluſion laſted not long; the lips of my ſmiling babe were preſſed to mine, and the words, diſtinctly heard, and never to be forgotten, "I ſhall one day be reſtored," diſſolved the charm.—I aroſe, I wept, I trembled! but no language can explain the ſtate of my mind at that moment, or picture its varied ſenſations. "Shall one day be reſtored?" The flatterer, Hope, whiſpered, "On this ſide the grave; for in eternity *days*, months and years are no more."

"Having no inclinaton to extend my walk, I turned towards the garden: I had to paſs a little farther before I could reach the gate which opened into it: arriving at the ſpot, and lifting up the latch, I looked, as it were, inſtinctively towards the wood. The ſun at that moment enlightened a glade, at ſome diſtance within it, ſo ſtrongly as to enable me to view a human countenance directed towards me, in a fixed attention. The object filled me with alarm,

it was no phantom, I ſtill ſurveyed it; till, advancing from its ſtation, I perceived a knight, of a commanding preſence, but whoſe aſpect appeared friendly towards me: putting his hand to his breaſt, he ſaid, "Lady, I meant not to have been ſeen; yet fear not, you behold no foe, but a warm defender —I ſhall be known hereafter."

"Surpriſe, not fear, for the ſtranger's appearance forbade the latter, prevented my tongue the means of gratifying an anxious and inquiring mind: while deprived of the power of utterance, yet making vain efforts to recover it, the object from whom alone I could learn tidings of comfort or deſpair, vaniſhed like a ſhadow, and was loſt in the impervious confines of the fatal wood. Ruminating on what had paſſed during my ſhort walk, and perplexed in the extreme, I returned to my chamber. My heart was overcharged, but tears came not to relieve me. My affectionate maiden entered the room,—waving my hand ſhe retired, caſting a look of ſorrow on her ſuffering miſtreſs. Her manner affected me, I rung the bell, ſhe haſtily returned: my agonies were now exceſſive, they convulſed my whole frame; ſtill was I ſenſible of the tenderneſs of this amiable girl, and what my own afflictions could not affect, that tenderneſs produced. She took my burning hand in both hers; I heard her ſigh, I ſaw her weep; the ſight of unexampled ſympathy called back my wan-

dering ſenſes, and weeping in return, the tribute of gratitude at length relieved my oppreſſed boſom, and ſaved my life.

" The penetration of my valuable companion led her to ſuſpect a more than common cauſe had diſturbed my mind; but reſpect checked curioſity. When I became more calm, ſhe left me to myſelf, for ſome time, and then returned, leading in my child; but my mind was ſtill deeply engaged, and I remained ſilent and depreſſed; my inattention diſtreſſed the ſweet infant, whoſe innocent and engaging prattle not meeting with its wonted return, it drew its little ſtool cloſe to my couch, and looked up in my face with ſuch a pleaſing and expreſſive countenance, as to call forth all the mother within me.

" Again I wept, was again relieved, and becoming more collected, I endeavoured to aſſume a look of compoſure, as it was my wiſh to prevent ſuſpicion of the cauſe which filled my ſoul with the mingled ſenſations of hope and fear.

" At length giving way to the ſoothing whiſpers of the former, I indulged the wanderings of a flattered imagination, pleaſing images floated in light viſion before me, beguiled my mind of half its anguiſh, and kindly miniſtered to that anxiety which weighed

forcibly upon a heart, which, but for ſuch relief, muſt have ſunk beneath its accumulated afflictions.

" The following day, while ſeated in an alcove in my little garden, and engaged in the inſtruction of my boy—for, alas! he had no other tutor—my attention was taken off by the appearance of an elegant ſtripling, who, advancing towards me, and bowing gracefully, ſaid he was ſent by one, greatly intereſted in all my griefs, to conſole my mind with tidings concerning thoſe whom I no doubt conſidered as loſt.

" I requeſted to know to whom I ſtood indebted for ſuch unmerited attention. The youth replied, ' I ſhould offend againſt an injunction I have promiſed to obey, in ſaying by whom I have been commiſſioned on a viſit which I ſhall have the felicity daily to repeat, if your permiſſion is not denied. Your ſon is living. The venerable and courageous man, who attempted to reſcue him from the hands of a revengeful tyrant, in the bold venture loſt his liberty, but not his life: with him confinement is ſoftened by attention. If, as the defender of the innocent, heaven permits ſucceſs to the endeavours of my father, you may yet be reſtored to comfort and tranquillity! A few days will determine his fate and yours: and now, madam, in obedience to my orders, I muſt depart, as I have performed my commiſſion to its utmoſt li-

mits.' "Saying this, he reſpectfully took his leave, and I returned to my chamber, to ponder over the myſteries which ſurrounded me.

"Seven days elapſed, marked only by the punctual viſits of my youthful friend: on the eighth I miſſed him—the ninth paſſed, he came not! dreadful forebodings haunted my imagination, the dawnings of hope became ſuddenly overcaſt, and my ſoul ſunk within me as its laſt ray diſappeared.

"At length I formed the reſolution of exploring the ſecret windings of the entangled wood, in the fond expectation, that, by tracing the footſteps of the ſtranger who had made me the object of his attention, I might arrive at ſome habitation, and find it the reſidence of humanity, where the doubts which weighed me down might be confirmed or relieved.

"My unknown defender, in whoſe fate, moſt probably, my own was involved—where was he? Imagination pictured a heart-rending reply! In a ſituation like mine, ſuſpence was doubly dreadful; all was wrapped in myſtery! The events which had plunged me into the loweſt depth of human miſery, had followed each other in rapid ſucceſſion; a few months had produced a mournful change; yet hope ſtill whiſpered, 'Your own exertions are needful!'

I liſtened to the flattering monitor, and determined to quit my ſequeſtered and forlorn abode, in the conſoling expectation of finding a friendly clue, which might lead to a better proſpect, than that which deſpair had preſented while I remained under its deſtructive influence.

" Before I put my deſign in execution, I made a confidant of my attendant, who adviſed me to diſguiſe my ſex, not only to avoid inſult, but to forward my views, ſhould the concealment of my perſon be judged neceſſary: with little alteration, ſome apparel of the unfortunate Humphrey furniſhed me with a ſuitable garb.—To the care of Honoria and that of the young man who had aſſiſted at the interment of my ill-fated Jane, I conſigned the dear child, which my hard deſtiny had ſtill left me; and then, truſting to my garb of concealment, and furniſhed with my ſcrip and ſtaff, I croſſed the ſtream at a part where the clear water juſt ſkimmed its pebbly bottom.

" The more I reflected on the neceſſity of my undertaking, the more my heart became ſtrengthened, and I paſſed on till I arrived at an inviting glade, where, at any other time, the enchanting view of ſequeſtered nature would have engaged my admiration. But I had been told the wilderneſs was of great extent; I conſidered that I was ſtill to explore my

way to ſome far diſtant outlet, before I could poſſibly meet with any human being, from whom I might be likely to obtain that intelligence, which, I truſted, might lead me to form ſome judgment of my future fate!

" Evening advanced: a ſplendid ſun-ſet was ſucceeded by a night enriched by the ſilver rays of a full moon, unſullied by a paſſing cloud. I beheld its pale beams enlighten mazy windings, which all around preſented themſelves in endleſs perſpective. Something like fear aſſailed my heart, but when I reflected that innocence had a friend in heaven, my apprehenſions ſubſided, and I ſoon fixed upon a ſituation where I determined to paſs the night, and endeavour to procure the reſt my harraſſed mind and ſinking frame demanded.

" The ſpot I had choſen was ſtill and ſecret, ſurrounding trees of the richeſt foliage afforded a protecting ſcreen on every ſide, which terminated in a leafy canopy; and here, ſecure in conſcious innocence, I ſunk into that ſleep to which exhauſted nature conſigned me.

" When the morning dawned I was awakened by the feathered inhabitants of the ſequeſtered ſcene, who in full chorus reminded me of my duty. In different parts of the wood ſun-beams forced their

paſſage through breaks of oppoſing foliage, forming lines of variegated and beautiful tints which met each other in groteſque variety, and increaſed the ſplendour of the earth's rich clad boſom: but in the receſs which I had been led to, a mellow and viſionary twilight gave it the appearance of a temple in elyſium, and as I offered up my devotions to the Ruler of my deſtiny, I beheld in imagination miniſtering angels hovering around the chamber of my late repoſe.

" With a frame refreſhed, and a mind emboldened, I again journeyed on, till I came to a path where it was evident the hand of Art had pruned the luxuriance of Nature.

" I ſoon arrived at a ſmall manſion, and met with a pleaſing welcome from its owner, who informed me that he was park-keeper to Sir Edward Mortimer, the turrets of whoſe caſtle I beheld riſing in majeſtic ſtate above the heads of ſurrounding trees in the diſtance. I ſoon formed the tale which neceſſity juſtified, my hoſt had a pitying heart, and from his recommendation I procured a ſituation in the family of the brother of the tyrant whoſe pitileſs rage had deprived me of my huſband.

" My employment was of a nature the moſt congenial and friendly to my wretched ſtate. It was to

reſide in an elegant and retired building, in a diſtant part of my maſter's garden, and which had been erected for his ſtudy, where I was to take the charge of the valuable writings of learned men. Sir Edward was related only by the ties of blood to a vindictive and ſanguinary brother; he was at this time confined to his chamber under the influence of a raging fever, which his favourite domeſtic told me (in confidence) was occaſioned by a violent agitation of mind, which took place on his return from a viſit to his remorſeleſs brother, who refuſed to deliver up an infant he had in his poſſeſſion, but concerning which my informer was forbidden to ſpeak to any inquiries that might be made. This intelligence you may well imagine I liſtened to with eagerneſs; I was on the point of diſcovering myſelf, and had I not taken the precaution to ſtain my face with a liquid which darkened my complexion, my emotions would have then betrayed the anxious, the trembling mother.—Fortunately for me, Raymond was at that moment ſummoned by the caſtle bell, and I was left to ruminate alone on what I had juſt heard. I pauſed awhile, and after a deep drawn ſigh, exclaimed, 'Thank heaven, my child yet lives, and his mother may yet reſcue him from the hands of tyranny and oppreſſion.'

"Not many days after this important diſcovery, while I was deeply engaged in finiſhing a painting

of my child and myſelf, I heard the door of the ſtudy open, and turning round, beheld with aſtoniſhment, the youth whoſe ſudden diſappearance had given me ſo much uneaſineſs and perplexity. Here was a ſecond trial for my caution and forbearance. The demeanour and converſation of the young gentleman aſſured me that his heart was mild and amiable.—He appeared greatly pleaſed with the mournful ſubject I was employed upon, and with the ſweeteſt condeſcenſion begged my permiſſion to remain where he was, that he might improve, being himſelf a learner in the art I ſo much honoured, from his attention to my labours.

" He had not ſat long before Raymond entered the room, and informed him, that his father meant, on that day, to take an airing in the garden, for the firſt time ſince his illneſs. The youth inſtantly took his leave, telling me that he ſhould ſoon have the felicity to introduce his father to me, who he was aſſured would be much pleaſed in a librarian poſſeſſed of ſuch accompliſhments.

" On his departure, I purſued my taſk; I was juſt putting the laſt touches to the pictured countenance of my cherub child—and who was to behold it? The man of virtue and humanity—The ſufferer in my helpleſs cauſe—The myſterious friend, becauſe the brother of my implacable and remorſeleſs enemy.

The pencil had performed its laſt office, and I was contemplating the form, traced by faithful memory, of my beloved child, when Sir Edward entered.

" His perſon was all that can be imagined of grace and dignity—his pale face wore a benevolent ſmile. He advanced, leaning on his ſon, and taking my hand—' Where,' ſaid he, ' my good youth, have you acquired ſuch a gift, and what untoward fortune has driven you to the chance of ſeeking a ſheltering home?'—" Perceiving that I heſitated for a reply, he added, ' God forbid that I ſhould let ſuch merit feel a moment's pang under my roof: in your look I read mental anguiſh, which, perhaps, you would wiſh to keep to yourſelf; be it ſo, but know, young ſtripling, that from this moment I take you to my heart, and if time and the tendereſt regards may produce a confidence on your part, ſo far as to induce you to unboſom your griefs and take my beſt council, behold one before you whoſe wiſh and pride it would be to alleviate, and if poſſible redreſs your ſorrow.' " I was deeply affected by this heart-arreſting proof of the regard of this generous minded man. His ſpeech, his manner, his languid ſtate, into which the moſt noble feelings for my intereſts had reduced him, rendered him doubly dear, and my diſguiſe permitting, I threw myſelf, diſſolved in tears of gratitude and affection into his embrace, and promiſed, heaven can witneſs how

truly, my warmeſt attachment. He now examined my picture, the figure of my child ſo cruelly torn from me, and that of my own he beheld with evident ſurpriſe: for a ſpace, his expreſſive eyes were fixed upon my form, traced upon the canvaſs, then turning them on the trembling artiſt, he exclaimed, 'It muſt be ſo, this is no work of fancy, 'tis the perfect likeneſs of the beloved, the invaluable, and the innocent victim to the unjuſt revenge of a cruel, cruel brother;' then turning to me, he exclaimed, 'Young friend, has your heart no intereſt in this ſcene? Know you not, that you have pourtrayed the forms of a dear child, and ſtill dearer mother, who has never known the love I have indulged in ſecret, and which I have ſworn ſhall remain unrevealed till I have reſtored to her arms the ſweet innocent which has been wreſted from them by a *wretch*, my heart revolts at calling *brother*. No! juſtice and humanity diſown the union, and I here renounce it for ever.' "Unable any longer to check the ſenſations raiſed by ſuch a declaration, I knelt down, took his hand in mine, and ſaid, 'Know then, ſir, whom you honour, and join me in my vows to heaven.' "He viewed me with amazement, and ſaid, 'Your cloſe reſemblance to the object of my adoration hath endeared you to my ſoul, your requeſt implies an important meaning, I kneel in trembling expectation, pronounce your vows, in which I ſolemnly engage to take an equal ſhare.'

" I then uttered a vow, wherein, in my own perſon, I engaged to devote the remainder of my days to my generous defender, who took up the yet unfiniſhed ſentence, and in the moſt awful and pathetic terms pledged himſelf in return ever to guard my intereſts, ever to make my cauſe his own, and to live but for my repoſe and happineſs.

" You need not be informed that he was anxious to know my motives for the ſteps I had taken, which in a few words I explained. Sir Edward firſt ſaw me, he ſaid, when I was led by a father's hand to the altar, where I was delivered up, a reluctant victim to a tyrant lord.

" After my huſband's aſſaſſination at the fatal banquet, hearing of my flight to the retired cottage of the venerable Jane, he repaired to his caſtle. One part of its extenſive boundaries had a communication with the wood; and although the road to it was long, dreary, and difficult, yet often had he viſited the glade, which commanded a view of my favourite walk; and determined at a riper time to diſcover himſelf, declare his latent paſſion, and ſolicit my hand and affections.

" When his brother purſued his revenge in the manner I have related, he conveyed my child to his caſtle. Humphrey, who, as I likewiſe told you,

ventured into the wood to reſcue his young maſter, was there ſeized and bore away to confinement.—The wretch himſelf it was who placed the hanger on the tree, and who ſpoke thoſe words of horror which filled my ſoul with terror and diſmay. I had omitted to remark, that two of my attendants in my flight, from the cottage not affording room ſufficient, left me on the day after my arrival, and found an immediate ſituation in a family whoſe ſeat was ſituated a ſmall diſtance only from that of Sir Edward's. A domeſtic of his brother's, whoſe heart was touched with pity for my babe, ventured to communicate the ſtory of his ſeizure and ſecretion. He revealed it not to the weak in ſpirit. My loved lord demanded of his brother to reſtore my boy, or tremble for the conſequence of a refuſal. The tyrant treated his threats with ſcorn, and ſet him at defiance. At their laſt interview, Sir Edward enraged at the violent demeanour of his unworthy relation, left him in a ſtate of agitation which brought on a fever, threatening his diſſolution, and which occaſioned the ſudden diſappearance of his ſon.

" Sir Edward had been a widower thirteen years, his affection for me had been ſhown in a manner ſo noble and diſintereſted that I could not reſiſt his urgent entreaties, and we were ſoon united. The worthy maiden and youth left in the cottage were placed in good ſituations at the caſtle; but they

remained not long with us, for Sir Edward perceiving their mutual regard for each other, joined their hands at the altar, purchaſed my late ſmall dwelling, and beſtowed it upon them in return for their attachment to their miſtreſs.

" Sir Edward remained firm in his demand on his brother to deliver up our ſon, and he was on the point of forcing a compliance, when our other child was conveyed away by means unknown, and we were plunged into that diſtreſs, which terminated, on the part of his agonized mother, in a ſuſpenſion of reaſon, which has never ſince been wholly reſtored. Enraged at this ſecond outrage, Sir Edward proceeded to the caſtle of his brother, and to his aſtoniſhment and grief found it deſerted by its owner. He ran, in a ſtate of diſtraction, through all the apartments, but found no living being to reply to his loud demands; for the tyrant had thus completed his revenge, and eſcaped the puniſhment due to his cruelty and crimes. Many revolving years have elapſed ſince that fatal period. Every plan that we could poſſibly ſuggeſt was put in practice to obtain intelligence of our loſt innocents, but in vain; and my dear lord finding his endeavours of no avail, ſunk into a ſtate of mind ſtill more mournful than my own.

" Time hath at length reſtored us to ſome degree of tranquillity; the ſon of Sir Edward, and his

amiable conſort endeavour all in their power, to give comfort to the evening of our days; and we experience conſolation in their ſociety, and that of their infant progeny."

Cornelia had juſt cloſed her eventful hiſtory, when a loud knocking at the caſtle gate gave notice of its maſter's return. After mutual compliments were paſt, Sir Elmer Woodley requeſted that he might be permitted to read the confeſſion of one, whoſe crimes could only be exceeded by his repentance.—The venerable pair of Mortimer caſtle bowed conſent, and liſtened, with fixed attention, to its contents.

" *Lady Mortimer,*

" *In Sir Elmer Woodley behold your long loſt child! The hand of death may arreſt mine before the pen it holds has traced the diſcovery which conſcience wrings from a guilty, and till now unfeeling heart. Having murdered the father of your unoffending offspring, my revenge, yet unſatiated, and heightened by a brother's oppoſition, knew no bounds.—Nor was it gratified, till I had, in depriving you of both your children, inflicted as deep a wound in the boſom of that brother, as I had in your own. To inſure miſery, and laſting anguiſh to you both, I made a haſty retreat to an abode divided far from your's by lands and ſeas ſeldom paſſed, and but little known. From that abode,*

where exceſſes of every ſhameful deſcription have ſtill deepened the colour of my crimes for many guilty years, and where, renouncing the name I had ſo much diſgraced, and fixing a ſtranger name upon your children, whom I could not injure farther, I lived in magnificent obſcurity. Your noble offspring grew up in manlineſs and grace. Their conduct demanded my regard, my affection followed. They diſgraced not their birth by alliance. Your other ſon, madam, is happy as worth and fortune can make him. From a death bed I have juſt related what this paper unfolds to yourſelf, to the beſt and moſt compaſſionate of men. For, alas, how compaſſionate muſt he indeed be, when his lips could pronounce MY FORGIVENESS! *My ſtrength fails me, a ſhivering fit forbids my adding more, and I have only to hope, the mercy your child has ſhewn me, will ſoften your heart towards an offender who dies a victim to a wounded conſcience.*"

Sir Edward's ſenſations on hearing of the death of his brother, and Cornelia's joy on the reſtoration of her Elmer, were ſuch as may well be imagined. The picture in the gallery became again the ſubject of contemplation, and in a few weeks, Cornelia, on the arrival of her ſecond ſon, confeſſed that her wiſhes on this ſide the grave, were fully completed.

THE

CHILD OF HUMILITY.

MR. and Mrs. Neville were happy in each other—the unmeaning forms of faſhion complied with, this new-married pair retired, with heart-felt ſatisfaction, to a delightful manſion, far from thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation and extravagance where the mind too often reſigns its peace, and the heart its purity.

Happy in a union formed by love, and cemented by mutual confidence, their felicity aroſe from the only genuine ſource, the integrity of their own hearts—ever alive to the calls of juſtice and humanity. They were ſeated in a parlour, which commanded an extenſive and beautiful proſpect, enriched with all the enchanting beauties of a luxuriant ſpring. Mr. Neville was employed in reading to his lady, when a ſervant entered, and informed him, that a poor young girl, who had been ſeen wandering about the grounds for ſome days paſt, was juſt taken out of the lake. "Where is the body conveyed?" as if actuated by the ſame ſenſation, broke forth at once from the lips of Mr. Neville and his amiable partner—"They are going to take it to Mr. White's in the town."—"What! a mile from any poſſible

relief! no, bring it into the hall, and ſend a man and horſe inſtantly to his houſe.—Why live we in a Chriſtian land, but to feel and follow the dictates of a religion founded on mercy?—This unfortunate object has, perhaps, fallen a prey to the workings of a heart which cruelty or ſeduction has wrung to deſperation." At this moment, the cries of the ſervants announced the arrival of the body.

The directions giving by the firſt ſociety in the world, were inſtantly applied to; and, by the attention of the lady of the manſion, and her female attendants, the object of their ſolicitude was at length reſtored to light and life.

To Mrs. Jepſon's care the patient was conſigned. This worthy matron had paſſed the morn of life in affluence ſuited to her birth; the noon in indigence, the fruit of her misfortunes; and the evening in tranquillity, the conſequence of her reſignation to the will of heaven; who had raiſed her up protectors, in the perſons of Mr. and Mrs. Neville. Early on the following day that amiable pair viſited their gueſt, who had paſſed the night in ſhort and broken ſlumbers, interrupted by deep and frequent ſighs. They advanced to the bed, and undrawing the curtain, beheld a countenance on which nature had beſtowed thoſe nameleſs charms of innocence which ſpeak to the heart, and demand PROTECTION. In

a few minutes Charlotte Villars opened her eyes, and looking around with wildneſs exclaimed, "Where are you? my poor mother! where are you?—I ſaw you but juſt now—why fly from your hapleſs daughter, who wiſhes to be with you?" Then, as if recollecting herſelf, and ſighing deeply, ſhe ſaid to her benevolent friends, "Who are you, my gentle ſir and lady—and where am I?—Oh! if my poor mother had found ſuch a reſting-place as you have found me, ſhe had not periſhed with the cold which beat round her unſheltered dwelling, without a fire to cheer, or bread to keep her from dying—But no, ſhe is not dead, you have her here—O put her into bed, and let her get warm by my ſide.—Sweet lady! my mother, though poor, had a heart as gentle, and a face as beautiful as your own—But no matter: you ſmile, I ſee, and will not believe a poor deſerted girl, who now has none to own her; who feels anguiſh for a mother loſt, and ſhame for a father never known—But that mother was innocent, virtuous, and good; indeed ſhe was—She uſed to call me the child of ſorrow, and mourn over me in bitter tears; but ſhe is gone!—Pray, who buried her? Oh! I remember, I gave diamonds, which ſhe would not in all her bitter wants part with, to cover her precious remains." "Diamonds!" ſaid Mr. Neville, "what mean you?" "Oh, fie! aſk a poor wretch for *meaning* who has loſt her wits—but don't mock me!" "Mock thee, dear innocent!" replied Mr. Neville;

" may humanity, and every juſt feeling forbid!— But come, you muſt not talk; I will leave you with this lady, who will love you, and endeavour to make up your mother's loſs—take reſt, and no further harm ſhall meet thee."

Towards the cloſe of the evening, the ſenſes of Charlotte Villars ſeemed rather more compoſed; and intervals of reaſon gave hopes that her wanderings would in time ſubſide, and that, by the next morning, ſhe might be enabled to unfold her hiſtory.

This night again, Mrs. Jepſon watched her charge; and, in the morning, had the happineſs to inform her employers, that it was the deſire of her patient to ariſe, and pay her duty to thoſe who had ſaved her from death. " Indeed Sir and Madam," added this humane woman, " there is ſomething extremely engaging in the dear creature's manner: ſhe waked in the night, and aſked me if I would let her ſee her poor mother. I anſwered her as well as I could, and ſhe again fell into a repoſe, which laſted until the morning: with difficulty, I have at length prevailed on her to take ſomething, as I ſaid, to keep you from being diſpleaſed. She has juſt expreſſed ſorrow, for what ſhe might have uttered during her want of reaſon, loſt, ſhe tells me, from the moment her mother died. She wiſhes to ſee you, Madam, to let you know, if you will deign to hear it, the

ſtory of her poor loſt mother." Mrs. Neville inſtantly repaired to the chamber of the afflicted Charlotte, who being provided with a morning dreſs, belonging to her benevolent hoſteſs, appeared at once intereſting as Innocence, and lovely as Beauty.

On the entrance of Mrs. Neville, Charlotte, riſing from her ſeat, advanced towards her benefactreſs, and, kneeling down, took the hand that was inſtantly raiſed to keep her from that poſture, kiſſed it, and burſt into tears. "Riſe, my grateful girl, and feel not ſo ſtrongly the ſervices we have had the felicity to adminiſter." "O Madam! what do I not owe to your goodneſs? Hear then the ſtory of the object you have ſerved; for I feel an aſſurance within me, that you are appointed by heaven to cheriſh and protect a poor young creature, who has none to own her! Mrs. Neville gave the weeping Charlotte every comfortable aſſurance of future attention, adding, "Relate the hiſtory of your ſufferings; and if tenderneſs and friendſhip can relieve the oppreſſion of your mind, you are with thoſe from whom you will experience every attention."

Charlotte once more expreſſed her obligations, and thus began the hiſtory of her ſorrows:

"My poor loſt mother was the daughter of an officer in the navy, whoſe pride far exceeded his

income. He had been left a widower before his ill-fated daughter had attained her fifth year. His extreme fondneſs induced him to have her educated at home; and every indulgence which a young mind is naturally fond of, ſhe experienced. Thus happily paſſed the ſeaſon of her youth, nor did a paſſing cloud interrupt its felicity. But, alas! on that day which completed her ſeventeenth year, ſhe was fated, without a warning given, to experience an awful reverſe of fortune. In the midſt of friends aſſembled on the occaſion; at the moment he had taken his ſeat, and was viewing, with looks of exultation, his lovely child open the ball; her father fell back in his chair, and expired. The confuſion which ſuch an alarming event muſt naturally occaſion, is more eaſy for you, Madam, to conceive, than it is for me to deſcribe. The poor object for whom the feſtivity had been made, was taken to her chamber, ſenſeleſs. Thoſe who had entered the room with the ſmile of pleaſure, left it with the tear of ſorrow, too fatally convinced of heaven's power to afflict, and of the inſtability of all ſublunary bliſs.

" In her irreparable loſs my mother was left utterly unprovided for, and as utterly unable to turn to any employment. Her father, although imprudent, had been, when living, much beloved among his brother officers, among whom generoſity is a ſecond nature. They heard, with more concern than ſur-

priſe, of the demand of creditors, which they undertook to ſatisfy. He was buried by ſubſcription; and real tears from the eyes of brave and good men 'bedewed the ſailor's grave.'

"Their benevolence did not end here; another ſubſcription was opened for the poor orphan, and ſhe was affectionately received into the houſe of a commodore Serle, whoſe venerable head was ſilvered, not by age; for he had ſcarcely numbered fifty, but by a life ſpent in the ſervice of his country; a life which honour only had known, and diſgrace had never ſullied. The commodore, indeed, proved another father to his charge, and made uſe of every argument, prompted by an excellent underſtanding, to reconcile her to the heavy loſs ſhe had ſo lately ſuſtained. They had the deſired effect; grief ſunk into melancholy; and that at length ſubſided into a tender and laſting remembrance.

"Three years paſſed gently on, when the tranquillity which my mother began to enjoy was interrupted by the arrival of the ſon of her benefactor, who proved in every reſpect unworthy of the father he had the honour to own, and by whom, as an only child, he was greatly beloved. With an inſinuating manner, and a heart too deeply verſed in the practice of deceit, he liſtened to my mother's ſtory, and ſeemingly approved of his parent's generoſity towards

her. He embraced her with the tenderneſs of a brother, and called her his beloved ſiſter. The commodore, too juſt in himſelf to ſuſpect duplicity in others, pleaſed himſelf in the thought that a union between the young people would ſoon crown his wiſhes, and render the remnant of his days happy; but, alas! the poor gentleman had not many more to number, and a *ſecond* viſitation of myſterious providence deprived my mother of her counſellor, her benefactor, and her only friend; who fell a victim to a fever which carried him off in about a week. If aſſertions, at ſuch a time, could beſtow comfort, my mother had every reaſon to quit her apprehenſions for futurity.

" With every appearance of reſpect for the memory of his father, Mr. Serle mourned the uſual time, at the expiration of which he made honourable profeſſions of love to her whom, with his dying breath, that father had charged him to protect.

" My mother liſtened, becauſe ſhe loved; and in a few weeks a falſe marriage completed her deſtruction.

" In about two months after this treacherous tranſaction, a war with France called my father to the field, and he took a laſt leave of the object of his cruelty, doomed too ſoon to learn the ' dreadful

meaſure of her woes.' He left her in the care of the widow of an officer, with ſtrict injunctions on her attention and tenderneſs. In a few months after his departure I was born; and my dear mother had not ariſen from her bed before ſhe received a letter, which confined her to it for ſome time; and the thought of me alone prevented her prayers for a diſmiſſion from a life which had been ſo deeply imbittered. This cruel letter from my father, informed her, that he had been married ſome time to a lady abroad, who he had intended to have introduced to his deluded parent, had not the ſight of ſuperior beauty fruſtrated his intention. He found the charming ſtranger cold to his *paſſion*, but favourable to his *love*; on which account, convenient villains were employed in a deed, the thoughts of which harrowed up his very ſoul; but, he continued, reflection came too late, and he had reſerved the painful taſk of explanation till he ſhould be removed beyond the reach of any other reproaches, except thoſe which he found intolerable, and which he could not fly from.—My cruel, cruel parent, incloſed in the hiſtory of his perfidy a bank-note of fifty pounds, and promiſed to repeat the ſame every ſix months; but, alas! in an action with the enemy he fell, and left my mother diſhonoured, with an infant born to miſery, and no probable means to ſupport wretched exiſtence. The tendereſt care of Mrs. Hodges, was beſtowed on my mother and myſelf; and I had, while

an infant, the happineſs of being a favourite with all who ſaw me. My mother was ſupplied with plain work from the ſhops; a ſenſe of her duty to me made her ſtruggle with calamity; and ſhe has often told me, that while I was playing, unconſcious of my miſery, ſhe has worked and wept through many a painful day.

" By the time I was ten years old, I had it in my power to add to her daily earnings, and it was about this time I was informed that I was, in the moſt painful ſenſe of the word, THE CHILD OF HUMILITY. The ſenſations of my heart at that unfortunate period, I cannot attempt to deſcribe. But, alas! I too ſoon learned to ſigh in ſecret; for my beloved mother ſunk all at once into a ſtate of the deepeſt melancholy, and was able only at times to follow her employment. In this forlorn ſtate ſhe continued for ſome years. She would ſometimes look long and wiſtfully in my face, while I was employed at my needle, and then throw her arms around my neck, and bathe it with her tears, ſaying, 'Alas, my child, I have ſtruggled long to perform a mother's duty, my ſorrows have at length ſubdued me.' At this period Mrs. Hodges, pitying our ſituation, and really having a regard for my mother, informed her that ſhe had a friend who kept a ſhop in the town of———, who would give us work, where we might take cheap apartments, and receive the be-

nefit of a change of air. We liſtened to her propoſal, and quitted London accordingly.

" We ſoon procured a room; and Mrs. Hodges's friend, for a length of time, furniſhed us with employment. My poor, my unhappy mother, ſo far from mending, became daily worſe and worſe, until a total deprivation of the uſe of her limbs laid her on a bed from whence ſhe never again aroſe. And now my own grief became ſo powerful as to render me unable to beſtow but a ſmall portion of each day to that employment which furniſhed at the beſt but a ſmall relief to our wants; for my dying parent ſtood in need of many little comforts, which all my efforts could not procure for her.

Much of my time was taken up at her bedſide; and the reſt, when my agitated mind would permit, was engaged at my needle. All I can add is, that ſhe ſuffered, pined, and died: Her laſt words, treaſured up in my heart, were, 'I am going very faſt, my daughter. Heaven, that has made thee good, will make thee happy; if not now, aſſuredly hereafter. O my child, the ſhades of death are ſurrounding me. I feel my ſpeech departing; I may live a few hours; but heaven will hear, during that time, my ſilent prayers for thee."

" Her words now came forth with pain; and

in a few minutes, according to her own prediction, ſhe ceaſed to articulate. But, oh! the fervency of her looks were inexpreſſible; and if ever ſoul went to the manſions of the bleſſed, hers ſurely did. Yes; in pity to extreme miſery, her laſt hour was viſited by heaven! My wailings, when ſhe ceaſed to breathe, were inceſſant; my brain became affected; and in the wildneſs of my deſpair it ſtruck me that the poorre mains of my parent were not to lie unburied. I ran, as it were by inſtinct, to a ſmall trunk which contained our poor change of apparel, the whole of which would not procure a ſum ſufficient! In moving its contents, I found a handkerchief carefully folded up. It contained a miniature picture of my father, ſet round with diamonds. I inſtantly flew to a jeweller's in the town, and offered it for ſale. The jeweller examined it, and preſented me a guinea; but, after queſtioning me, and finding that I wanted to lay my poor mother in her grave, he bade me make myſelf eaſy, and he would, although he ſhould loſe by the bargain, undertake to inter the body with decency. I gave him the picture with thankfulneſs, and he performed his word. Miſſing the partner of my ſorrows, I wandered from my wretched home, bewildered and loſt; and all I remember is, that I indulged my melancholy in viewing the reflection of the ſky in the lake from whence I was taken. I remember too, that I fancied my mother beckoned to me from the water, and that I

inſtantly obeyed the viſion which my diſturbed imagination had raiſed."

Here Charlotte cloſed her melancholy recital. Mrs. Neville, diſſolved in tears, embraced her ſuffering friend with tenderneſs, accompanied with expreſſions of the warmeſt regard and unalterable eſteem.

"Beſt of women!" exclaimed Charlotte, overcome by ſuch unexampled goodneſs, "how I feel the force of thoſe leſſons delivered by her who has now travelled beyond the vale of miſery! One of her excellent precepts was, "Never prove ungrateful, ſhould heaven, when by its decrees I am taken from you, raiſe up a friend to ſhelter you from thoſe dangers which ever ſurround unprotected innocence; treaſure up in your heart the weighty obligation: on gratitude depends every other virtue. The poor wretch who is relieved by the ſeeker out of miſery, in acknowledging a debt to the creature, pays it to the Creator, under whoſe command, 'do good,' the benefactor performs with cheerfulneſs the taſk of duty. The child of mortality, acting under the impulſe of grateful feelings for bleſſings enjoyed, can never do wrong: prompted by thoſe feelings, he is led to the temples of his god; prompted by thoſe feelings, he performs the act of juſtice to his fellow-creatures; and, prompted by thoſe feelings, he dare

not, he *cannot*, deviate from his duty.—Theſe, Madam—theſe were her words—I feel their force. They were prophetic!—The miniſters of heaven are now protecting me, and my bleſſings will aſcend to where their mercies are recorded!"

Grateful to her amiable comforters, Charlotte Villars checked the riſing burſts of ſorrow, which, but for ſo powerful a balm, would have torn her agitated boſom. Uncomforted, and expoſed to the miſeries of want, ſolitude, and the recollected paſt, her gentle heart convulſed, and heaving with its weight of accumulated anguiſh, would ſoon have ceaſed to beat; and exhauſted nature in a final ſtruggle, would have yielded to her all-ſubduing foes! for, alas, how many wretches in the horrors of poverty unrelieved; in the anguiſh of affliction unconſoled; have ended, in deſpair and death, the dreadful meaſure of human ſufferings!—Many, even among the children of virtue, are doomed to endure trials which appear involved in myſtery: but when heaven thus wills,—to avoid guilt, humanity muſt ceaſe to inquire.

In the courſe of a few weeks, in a recovery of health and mind, Charlotte repaid the aſſiduities of her generous friends. Watchful to every look, and attentive to every inclination of their charge, with heart-felt pleaſure they beheld the ſmile which

themſelves, by *nameleſs means*, had occaſioned, as it brightened a countenance which they once feared would have been engloomed for ever.

The ſeaſon was remarkably fine; and nature, ſmiling over all her proſpects, bedecked her fields with flowers, her orchards with bloſſoms, and her woods with green.

Select parties, and little excurſions, imperceptibly became pleaſing to the object for whom they were formed; and time, judiciouſly varied with amuſements, paſſed on from day to day, reſtoring by degrees the mind of Charlotte to reaſon and tranquillity.

The ſeats of the ſurrounding nobility and gentry, were viſited by turns. Among their owners, Mr. Neville was known and reſpected, although he never courted the ſmiles of the great. His heart was uncorruptible, and his integrity was not to be ſhaken; he held forth a pattern to every gentleman of independent fortune, whoſe greateſt pride ought to conſiſt in *independent* principles, ever ready to ſpurn at, and expoſe, the little arts of titled, *ignoble* men.

The caſtle of———, venerable for its antiquity and ſurrounding woods; which its owner, fond of wandering, a mournful recluſe, beneath their ex-

tended ſhade, would not ſuffer the deſtroying axe, too frequently employed in modern *improvements*, to bring down, was often viſited by Mr. and Mrs. Neville. Charlotte liſtened with pleaſed attention to Mr. Neville's hiſtory of a building ſhe was the next day to view. Her taſte had been formed by nature, the beſt of guides; and it was never more gratified than in viſiting the ſtately manſions of other days, which *yet* remained to dignify the preſent: eſpecially where ſcenery correſponded with the Gothic grandeur it ſurrounded; where the lordly oak enjoyed "a green old age," and where the offſprings of nature were carefully nurtured, and expired but on their native beds. "The owner of this venerable pile," continued Mr. Neville, "is my relation; his eſtate is valuable and extenſive; and long, very long may it be, before it is added to my own! His heart is good; but impreſſions of a melancholy nature have led him to a life of retirement: but ſtill he is not averſe to the ſociety of a choſen few, who revere that heart and reſpect its ſingularities. To-morrow our dear Charlotte will accompany her Nevilles to this delightful retreat for a muſing mind: and they are well aſſured, the manners of its owner would endear him to their little friend. And now, as the mildneſs of a fine evening ſo charmingly invites, let us repair to the iſland on the lake, and view the beauties of nature, reflected on its calm and peaceful boſom. In that iſland I have raiſed a temple to *Friendſhip*;—

can it be filled with truer votaries? The queſtion was replied to in expreſſive ſmiles; and this happy party were ſoon ſeated beneath that *fane*, which for a time ceaſed to be ALLEGORICAL. Splendid ſcenery, enriched with the glowing tints of a ſetting ſun, every where preſented itſelf. As ſoon as they were ſeated, Charlotte with a ſtedfaſt and mournful eye beheld the LAKE! breathed forth an inward ſigh, and wept. Mr. and Mrs. Neville were alarmed: but ſhe ſoon recovered her wonted ſerenity, and aſſured her friends, that her emotions aroſe from the fulneſs of a heart deeply conſcious of the mercies of heaven! "Far be it from me, my love," rejoined Mr. Neville, "to check thoſe grateful ſenſations, which no doubt riſe up as ſilent praiſes to the Father of bleſſings."

Some time before the darkening ſhade had veiled the diſtant proſpects, this happy party returned to their dwelling; and after they had taken a ſlight repaſt, Mr. Neville informed his lady that he had ordered the jeweller to wait on her with ſome diamond ear-rings, from which he hoped ſhe would honour him with a choice to wear on the morrow: "and let me," continued he, "beg my Charlotte's attention to a favour I have to requeſt of her likewiſe. My deareſt girl, I muſt not ſolicit you in vain to conſider yourſelf, under my roof, as free as thoſe happy natives of the air, whoſe melody has ſo lately raiſed emotions

which reflect honour in the good and gentle heart that owns them. The worthy partner of my life loves you with a ſincerity not to be expreſſed. Share with us the bleſſings we enjoy, and remember, that, to avoid giving us pain, your lips muſt no longer dwell on the moſt diſtant note of OBLIGATION.—There is, my Charlotte, a dignity in your mind, which is the offſpring of virtue; a delicacy in your manners, which owns a kindred ſource: ſuch a dignity, and ſuch a delicacy, expoſed to the inſults of an unfeeling world, would have ſunk under the unkindly ſhock. All we require of you is to tranquillize your thoughts, and take comfort to your heart; to aim at happineſs, and to *know* how much we wiſh to lead you to it. Mrs. Neville will do me the honour to accept of a trifling ornament, which ſhe will wear in compliance with that etiquette to which people of a certain rank in life are bound in reaſon to ſubſcribe. You, my dear, in a hapleſs moment, parted with the ſemblance of your parent, to a deſpicable wretch, a worm, who with toil and attention hath woven a web of gold, within which, like a baſe and ſordid inſect, he lives to himſelf alone. With the ear-rings intended for Mrs. Neville, he has received orders to bring the PORTRAIT of your father, for which he is to receive a ſum, which you will do me the honour to lay down before him. At the ſame time I mean to watch the countenance of this *Chriſtian* Shylock, this Phariſee, who

has filled the chair of juſtice, a terror to the neighbouring poor: and occupied the pew ſet apart for the firſt officer in the pariſh—a deſpicable inſtance of pride and hypocriſy. Your gentle nature will, I know, ſhrink from the meeting; but do not, my beſt Charlotte, deny me: let my motives bear that weight, which I truſt you will allow they ought: and let me behold, in one impreſſive view, the triumph of innocence, and the diſgrace of guilt."—"Oh, Sir," replied Charlotte, "with me your deſire is a law: but do not, Oh, do not be ſevere!" "I prepare the puniſhment," rejoined Mr. Neville, "only to reclaim; ſhould he but feel and reform, my wiſhes are accompliſhed; and would it not give equal pleaſure to yourſelf in reflecting, that through your means, a wretch nearly loſt, and led by time almoſt to the laſt ſtep of exiſtence was brought to that heart-felt penitence which alone can ſave him?"

The jeweller, on his arrival, was uſhered into the preſence of Mr. and Mrs. Neville, who were ſeated at a table in one part of the room, while Miſs Villars was engaged with a book at a bow window, ſo ſituated as to prevent her being ſeen by the perſon who, in the hour of her adverſity, had taken an advantage ſo truly deſpicable. A choice of the earrings being made, the jeweller produced the portrait; Charlotte ſat trembling for the part ſhe had promiſed to ſuſtain in a ſcene where guilt was to be

harrowed up by detection—" Well, Sir," ſaid Mr. Neville, "you have brought the miniature I ſuppoſe." The jeweller produced the STRONG, yet ſilent WITNESS, fated to condemn him before the little court aſſembled. " Your demand, I think, is an hundred guineas?" " The diamonds, Sir, are worth the money; the article ſtood me in ninety, and I have had it by me upwards of a twelvemonth—I ſay no more, but ſubmit it to your generoſity, to judge if the price I have put upon it is unreaſonable." " I muſt confeſs, the diamonds appear valuable; and as I intend it for a much-eſteemed young friend, to whoſe near relation it bears a ſtrong reſemblance, you ſhall have what you require—Beſides (turning to Mrs. Neville) we muſt not, my dear, ſuppoſe for a moment, that a *magiſtrate*, and a trader of conſequence, like this gentleman, would think of dealing on any other ſcore than that of the ſtricteſt integrity and honour." Saying this, he went up to Miſs Villars, who by this time was in tears—" Pardon me, my beſt Charlotte, but we muſt perform our parts." Miſs Villars, ſuffered herſelf to be led to the table. Mr. Neville ſaid,—" Will our amiable friend do us the honour *herſelf* to lay down a price demanded, and which this purſe contains, for the portrait ſhe is to wear, for the ſake of its dear original, and for the ſake of thoſe by whom ſhe will be ever loved and cheriſhed." The jeweller, ſtruck with dread and horror, ſhuddered, turned pale, and begged permiſſion to retire!

like our Shakeſpeare's Shylock, ſaying, " I am not well." " From what cauſe?" ſaid Mr. Neville, ſomewhat ſternly.—" O Sir! ſpare me an explanation—you know the cauſe." " Then, Sir, you *have* feelings for yourſelf, which you have dared to deny to this weeping innocent, whoſe gentle heart is at this moment bleeding for the ſituation into which your villany has plunged you.—I know, thou ſelf-condemned, that our laws have yet no puniſhment for wretches like thyſelf; but your ruin, that ruin you moſt dread, hangs in my lips. I have only to relate a plain tale, which once told, you have nothing left but the remains of property ill-acquired, to ſupport a life hereafter to be clouded with infamy and remorſe. You know my influence, and you ſhall feel its effects. The chair of magiſtracy, which you have unworthily filled, you fill no longer: on the loſs of dignity, you will appear in your native deformity—to the neighbouring poor, no longer a terror—to every honeſt man, for ever an object of deteſtation. None of that deſcription will hereafter own you; therefore, take, I charge you, take the ſum you have fixed on for the reſemblance of this dear child's *father!* and learn, by that diſgrace which is ſoon to ſurround your dwelling, and to attend your ſteps, that diſtreſſed and unoffending innocence will ever find a protector. Mean and abject man, heſitate no longer—take the purſe; I pity, and, to relieve, I diſmiſs you. But once more, be-

hold that ſemblance of the human face! Does not your imagination give a reddening to the pictured cheek—an indignation to the pictured eye of that father, whoſe heart has no doubt long bled for the neglect of a child whoſe ſufferings came before you in all their force? You not only beheld them, unmoved; you not only refuſed to ſuccour and ſupport the wretched, but, horrid to relate, you even plundered an object of misfortune, whom all its ills ſurrounded; you plucked the dagger from adverſity, to give the death-wound yourſelf. Thoſe who live by contributions on the road will rarely take *all*: the highwayman frequently, the footpad at times, will return a *ſomething*, to prevent even temporary diſtreſs, which muſt accompany a traveller entirely bereft. But, what was your conduct? You are ſilent: Hear then my reply, and may your very ſoul receive it!—You beheld this innocent in diſtreſs. You ſaw deſpair in her path, and no relief, ſince you denied it, but in a ſpeedy death—it was yours to ſave. But you were mercileſs; you robbed her with a ſmile, and then you left her to all its horrors."—The jeweller was now ſuffered to depart, with a look and manner ſo entirely ſubdued, as to call forth ſentiments of pity in the breaſt of Mr. Neville, who had made many apologies to the ladies, for the anxiety he muſt naturally have laid them under. His motives carried their own juſtification. Mrs. Neville and Charlotte felt their force; but at the ſame time

their humanity induced them to plead with energy the cauſe of a man who, they obſerved, had done wrong, but whoſe repentance appeared to be genuine. After ſome converſation on indifferent ſubjects, the three friends retired to that calm repoſe which is ſeldom denied to health and innocence, bleſſed with competence and peace. The next morning the carriage was at the gate at an early hour; and the party having taken their ſeats, the converſation on the road conſiſted of remarks on the proſpects which preſented themſelves, and to which a fine day gave a brilliancy, whoſe luſtre is only truly ſeen and felt by thoſe who "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

Paſſing through a village, they were alarmed with piercing cries, which iſſued from a cottage:—the coachman was ordered to ſtop; and Mr. Neville, requeſting the ladies to keep their ſeats, entered the humble dwelling, where he beheld, extended on a table, to all appearance dead, a lovely female infant, about three years old; its brother, to appearance a year older, was running about the room in a ſtate of diſtraction. The mother, in a fainting fit, was ſurrounded by pitying neighbours. Mr. Neville inſtantly diſpatched a man and horſe to a ſurgeon, who reſided about a mile diſtance. Mrs. Neville and Charlotte, too impatient to remain in the carriage, now entered the room. The former took the bleeding

infant in her arms (and ſurely many a fair country-woman of beauty and faſhion, ſo called upon, would ſo have acted) while Charlotte bathed a wound which had been inflicted on the forehead of the little cherub. Mr. Neville ſoon ſucceeded in recovering the afflicted mother—Reviving, her eyes were fixed on Mr. Neville: in quick ſucceſſion they looked inquiry, hope, doubt, and deſpair. "My good young woman, be comforted." "What! does my darling live then?" "Your infant is hurt, but not we truſt, in danger; be comforted and compoſed." "Bleſſings on your goodneſs, noble Sir, whoever you are."—"No thanks; I have only done my duty: Diſmiſs your fears; I hope and truſt they are needleſs; the ſurgeon, when he comes, will have nothing to do, and I ſhall ſoon have to tell you all is well."

The ſurgeon ſoon arrived; and to the joy of all preſent, the child was pronounced "out of danger." Nothing but a deſire to ſee the maſter of the cot, who was expected to return every minute, prevented the inſtant departure of the Nevilles and Charlotte. The ladies were engaged in admiring the neat arrangement of the humble furniture, while Mr. Neville was converſing with "the modeſt matron of the lowly ſhed," when he felt his hand preſſed by the lips of Bill, the little offender; emboldened by a gentle pat on the head, the chubby fellow ventured to look up, while a chryſtal tear ſtood trembling in

each eye, his glittering pleaders for pardon. "The pretty fellow," exclaimed Charlotte, "pray forgive him."—"Yes,—pray forgive him," echoed Mrs. Neville—and "He muſt be forgiven," rejoined her worthy partner.—"Come, come, my good boy, wipe away your tears; but remember, the next time my little Bill jumps again from farmer William's paling he will make all his friends very angry with him." "But what is his offence?" ſay many, who do the writer the honour to peruſe this page. Know then, that Bill, as playful a village urchin as ever lived, had indeed been guilty of the act of jumping, like a hero as he fondly imagined, from the paling which divided farmer William's orchard from the cottage garden. Proud of the exploit, with ſome difficulty he ſet up his ſiſter Nancy, who always loved to do what was done by Bill, to follow his example: in the attempt an unlucky nail caught the ſkirts of her frock; ſhe fell, and ſeverely wounded her forehead. The terrors of a child on ſuch an occaſion muſt be exquiſite—He beheld his ſiſter ſtreaming with blood, ſpeechleſs, motionleſs—His little heart ſunk within him, fearing to ſee his mother—He ran ſcreaming to the neighbours, who took up, as they thought, a lifeleſs corpſe! Entering the houſe they were met by the mother, who gave a piercing ſhriek, and fell ſenſeleſs into a chair, where ſhe was found by a more than comforter.—The maſter of the cot now preſented himſelf; he had heard

on his way home, of the accident, of the child's ſafety, and of his generous gueſts. Falling on his knees before them, all that a full heart would permit him to utter, was, "The prayers of Sommerville and his family will ever attend you." "Sommerville!" rejoined Mr. Neville, "have you any relation living near the place?" "I have a father, Sir, a jeweller, in the town of——: and I am his only child; he loved me once, but I have married without his permiſſion, and labour under his heavy curſe. The father of this good young creature, Sir, was once his boſom friend, and every way his equal, till misfortunes unſeen and unſought (for he was a good man) reduced him ſo low, as to leave him no more than a pittance juſt ſufficient to keep beggary from the door of this humble dwelling, to which he retired. He died about a twelvemonth ago; and my poor wife and myſelf mourn his loſs as much as if he had left us hundreds. We were brought up together; went to the ſame ſchool; and purſued our infant ſports, as it were, hand-in-hand; and, between our parents, our future union was fixed. On a reverſe of fortune, my father laid his commands where I could not obey: they were to forget and renounce my Nancy.—Could I, dear ſoul, forget her, at ſuch a time too?—No! I ſpurned the injunction, and took her to my heart. Here, Sir, you ſee us: we have but little; but mutual love ſoftens every care but one, and that is, our father's curſe.—My poor

Nancy thinks of it with terror; and I cannot comfort her as I could wiſh—for is not the curſe of a father a dreadful thing!" The pathetic and ſimple tale of Sommerville affected his hearers; and Mr. Neville left him, with an aſſurance that he would ſee his father, and plead his cauſe before him: "And who knows, my good and honeſt man, but what I may ſucceed in relieving every diſtreſs with which you are oppreſſed? I admire the manly turn of your mind; and if I may judge from what I have ſeen, you have good cauſe to love your Nancy. We muſt now indeed proceed in our way—but a will and power to ſerve is mine, and I will exert them both; in the mean time, believe me, when I ſay, that a father *cannot* curſe *ſuch* children."

Within an hour after the party had quitted the humble dwelling of Sommerville, where affection ſtilled the plaint of poverty, and rectitude enſured the ſmiles of content; the party arrived at the gates of the caſtle, where dignity, ſoftened by affability, marked the manners of its owner.

Mr. Neville alighted, and gave his hand to his Lady. He was going to offer it to Charlotte,—when the venerable Lord of the Manſion ſaid, with a ſmile, "Pardon me, Neville. I am proud to welcome to this manſion ſo lovely a viſitor, and it is mine to conduct her to it." Charlotte with looks expreſſive

of gratitude, accepted the offered courteſy, and in a few minutes they were ſeated in a ſaloon, ſurrounded by the richeſt ſcenes of cultivated nature. An air of melancholy, accompanied every ſpeech and action of the Lord of the Caſtle, to whom Charlotte was now preſented as the dear friend of the Nevilles. —" Your friend," he replied, " my amiable pair muſt be mine. And kind indeed, you are, to empower me to welcome ſuch innocence and beauty." More affected than confuſed, Charlotte looked down, but ſuffered her obedient hand ſtill to remain in that which incloſed it.

The afternoon was engaged in viewing the ſuperb apartments of the caſtle, which exhibited a noble diſplay of the magnificence of other times, and in ranging the extenſive gardens which ſurrounded it. " Pleaſed," ſaid the recluſe, " with this majeſtic, pile, emboſomed as it is in a ſcene ſacred to retirement. I fixed upon it as a place beſt ſuited from its ſituation to that of my mind, engloomed with the pangs of reflection, and deſerted by every hope. The walks we now tread, when I firſt beheld them, were over-run with weeds, the growth of many a revolving year; and thoſe majeſtic turrets were mouldering into ruin. I deſtroyed only the inſects bed, and the retreats of the toad, and of the adder, that hiſſed to the ſcythe as it advanced in curves of deſtruction to abodes which had ſo long remained

unmoleſted by the tread of human foot. The ſpreading tree that gave its ample ſhade was ſuffered to remain, and where the mouldering trunk here and there defaced the ſpot it once adorned, the tender ſapling was planted to ſupply its place. "He then related the affecting hiſtory of the noble family to whom the eſtate formerly belonged. "Alas," adding, "how vain the boaſt of birth and title—on unfolding the doors of yonder pile, the firſt object that met my ſight, were banners hanging in ſhreds, and waving to the wind, which murmured through the ſhattered caſements; theſe ſaid I were once pleaſing objects to the exulting warrior, whoſe deeds of glory are now, alas, obſcured by the infamy of a diſcendant, in whom the family name became extinct; and in whoſe obſcure tomb, along with the diſhonoured duſt it contains, the glories of a once illuſtrious houſe are for ever buried!"

The gratifications of this pleaſing day were crowned by a concert, which laſted till near the hour of repoſe.—When Mrs. Neville herſelf inſiſted on accompanying Miſs Villars to her chamber.—Awaking in the morning, at an hour too early to leave her apartment, Charlotte employed the time in looking over the contents of a ſmall library; and obſerved, that the volumes were not only apparently choſen for a female reader, but, that they were all new, and uniformly bound. If theſe circumſtances cre-

ated ſome ſurpriſe; they were ſucceeded by another, which could not but raiſe emotions of the moſt affecting kind in a boſom two placid and two ſenſible to be moved at trifles; ſenſible minds feel more from real cauſes, than thoſe which are only guided by whim and caprice, and affect ſenſations which they never owned. The volume ſhe ſelected for peruſal, was Dr. Gregory's advice to his daughters; on the blank leaf before the title, ſhe read THE GIFT OF A FATHER TO HIS LONG LOST CHILD. With a trembling hand, Miſs Villars examined the other volumes, in all of which ſhe found the ſame expreſſive ſentence. Laying down the book, Charlotte was involved in thought, when the bell rang for breakfaſt. She aroſe, went to the glaſs, wiped from her brilliant eyes two chryſtal drops, and taking up her watch, which lay on the table, what was her aſtoniſhment to behold, among the trinkets, the portrait of her MOTHER! A thouſand images now ruſhed upon her recollection; ſhe looked upon that of her father—ſhe placed the images together, kiſſed them by turns—yet ſtill unable to unfold the myſtery; ſhe ſunk into a chair, and was only relieved by a flood of tears. Mrs. Neville's appearance, increaſed her embarraſſment; ſhe could ſay no more than "Providence, and you know all the myſtery that ſurrounds the grateful Charlotte Villars."—She then pointed to the pictures, adding, "Tell me, Madam, all you know. Why, O why, is this image of a

bleſſed ſaint in heaven, whoſe features are too ſtrongly impreſſed on my heart, for my eye to be miſtaken, laid before me. Is it not a prologue to a diſcovery, which I already anticipate?"

To this inquiry, made with earneſtneſs, bordering upon impatience, Mrs. Neville replied, "This day Charlotte Villars will be reſtored to a long loſt father." —"To a *father?*" "Yes; to a father, who will ſtrive by tenderneſs and affection to the child, to atone in ſome degree, for the injuries the mother has ſuſtained." Charlotte gazed with aſtoniſhment at Mrs. Neville, ſeemed to ſend forth her ſoul in a deep ſigh, and trembling ſunk into a chair. Mrs. Neville was alarmed; tears at length relieved her young friend, who dropping on her knees, and graſping the hand of her intelligencer, ſaid "Do not, Oh do not deceive me; am I awake? is it the hand of my amiable comforter, that I now claſp in mine? O Mrs. Neville, ſpeak to me *once more*: or if you are a viſion of the night, and Charlotte yet ſlumbers, never may ſhe behold a returning morn." "Many returning morns I hope are thine," replied Mrs Neville, "I have indeed ſpoken the truth; endeavour to ſuppreſs the agitation of your mind, and be aſſured, that you are ſurrounded by every worldly comfort. The meaſures her friends have taken, to prepare Charlotte for a diſcovery of ſuch importance, appeared the moſt likely to prevent that perturbation

of ſpirits, which ſuch a diſcovery, too haſtily made, might have occaſioned." "Beſt of women," exclaimed Charlotte, "I will not attempt to ſpeak: my ſenſe of obligation is too deep for words to explain." "Talk not thus, my Charlotte; but for you we ſhould ſoon have mourned the loſs of that loved, that worthy man, whom we ſhall now behold claſping with rapture his long loſt child to his boſom; and ſoon will you learn, that he ought to be, as I truſt he is, equally dear to us all.

"Many a tedious year, immured within theſe melancholy ſhades, has he mourned the follies of his early days—eſtranged from every joy, and alive to every pain—his ſuſceptible heart has long confeſſed its errors, has long pined in ſecret, for the ſufferings thoſe errors have brought on the object of its love. On hearing the artleſs and unaffecting tale of Charlotte Villars, I wept, could I do leſs, when her ſorrows became my own;—could I do leſs—when I was attending to the relation of a dear, an unfortunate *ſiſter?*—"A ſiſter?" Yes, your Neville is *indeed* your ſiſter; the tears I then ſhed, were tears of gratitude and joy; I beheld you reſcued from a watery bed, wherein you would ſoon have ſlept in death, a victim to a bewildered brain, which ſevere affliction had rendered wild and reaſonleſs:—I beheld you reſtored to our dear parent, reſtored to prolong his days, and bring back peace to his wounded

mind. In obedience to his deſire, I now come his meſſenger—theſe papers, my ſiſter, contain the hiſtory, of our hitherto afflicted parent; read their contents with attention, and reflect, that the comfort of his future years remains with his ſon, and his daughters; let us unite in reſtoring peace to the evening of his days, and Oh, Charlotte, while your tear-ful eye dwells on the recorded wrongs of an injured, a neglected mother, remember they are penned by the trembling hand of a ſpirit-wounded father. Some paſſages are ſtained with tears; conſider, ſiſter, by whom they have been ſhed—and your natural goodneſs will prompt you to ruſh into thoſe arms, which, on your ſummons, will be open to receive you."—

Mrs. Neville ſaid no more, but affectionately embraced her ſiſter, to whom ſhe gave the papers—Charlotte's agitation again forbade her utterance—ſhe preſſed them to her boſom, and kneeling, was left by Mrs. Neville in ſilent devotion.

Awful and affecting to Charlotte was the preſent moment; deeply impreſſed with the mercies of heaven, ſhe conſidered the change which ſo ſhort a period had effected. Removed at once from the gloom of miſery, to the ſunſhine of comfort; from extreme deſertion, to the careſſes of affectionate relations; ſhe felt the glow of gratitude, and offered

up her prayers, where they were ſo juſtly due—that duty performed, ſhe ſat down to peruſe the hiſtory of a FATHER RESTORED.

" With a trembling hand, my child, I pen the ſcenes which lead to an event, which has brought repentance and anguiſh on thy erring father.—At an early age I left an home where indulgence ſpread a flowry path, where attention anticipated every wiſh: where knowing only happineſs, I felt not, nor was I prepared to feel, for ſorrow. From my gallant and brave father, I imbibed a portion of his ſpirit, which forbade me to remain inactive at home, when a call to arms animated ſo many Britiſh youths to go forth to meet the common foe on the plains of glory. Never will memory reſign to paſſing years the words which my heart received on parting with that brave, that beſt of men. 'Honourable boy,' ſaid he, 'if a parent's prayers for thy ſafety are accepted, and heaven *wills* as I *wiſh*, then ſhalt thou again return to bleſs my aged ſight. But remember my ſon that a ſoldier and a chriſtian ſhould ever be united.' You now add one more to the glorious liſt of brave young men who go forth as defenders of their native land; to pray for thy ſafety is a debt to nature, to ſumbit to thy fate a duty to heaven: with a ſmile of joy I ſhall hail thy return with health and honours, and with a tear of reſignation, I *think* I could behold my darling boy conſigned to "the Soldier's

grave.' This affecting addreſs brought tears into my eyes, and I turned away to conceal my emotions, which my father perceiving, ſaid, 'Never be aſhamed of a tear, when nature ſanctifies the tribute.' To dwell on many incidents which occurred expreſſive of affection and gratitude between your grandfather and myſelf would be needleſs, the recollection of his worth is a treaſure to my heart: there it will remain until that heart ceaſes to beat! and then, my child, my Charlotte, will take it to her own. I wave the relation of many particulars which would only retard your progreſs to that part of my narrative I wiſh you to arrive at, and which once known, will diſſipate the clouds of myſtery which at preſent ſurround my child.

"After all the parade of war, and when the Britiſh forces were on their way to the field of conteſt, the rival powers ſettled their differences, and the uplifted ſword returned again to its ſcabbard.

"A diſpoſition by nature reſtleſs and unſteady, would not ſuffer me to return home, it had long been the favourite wiſh of my heart to travel; an ample fortune, independant of my father, led me to conſider myſelf more my own maſter than was conſiſtent with the character of a dutiful child; a character which with deep regret I own did not belong to me. Inſtead, therefore of returning to my affectionate

father, and accepting of the company of a gentleman whom I knew he would wiſh me to travel with as a guide, a guardian, and a friend, I proceeded on my tour with a gay young man, equally independant with myſelf; whoſe manners were inſinuating, but whoſe principles were deſpicable.—It was not until my arrival in Italy, that I thought of writing to my injured and inſulted parent. His anſwer contained a gentle remonſtrance on a conduct, which conſcience forbade me to juſtify, although pride would not ſuffer the acknowledgement of an error.

"I therefore baniſhed from my mind every painful intruder, and in this boaſted garden of the world, where Engliſh hearts are faſcinated, while Engliſh ſentiments are entombed, I revelled away the laughing hours, which, without a ſigh, were conſigned to the brilliant but fatal allurements of falſe pleaſure. Here I became acquainted with an Engliſh family, conſiſting of a Mr. Poole, his ſon, and daughter. Of the latter I ſoon became enamoured, and with the conſent of her father, without deigning to conſult *my own*, we were married. I had no ſuſpicion that in this tranſaction my ſeeming friend had acted with duplicity; I had been mean enough to ſuffer him to ſupply my wants, and I was but too ſoon ſufficiently puniſhed for placing confidence in the baſe and the unworthy, and for my ingratitude towards my father. I had been hurried into an imprudent

marriage; and diſcovered, when too late, that I had formed a connexion, which I had no reaſon to boaſt of.

" The man whoſe imprudence has ſubjected him to unavoidable evils, although for a time thoſe evils are not ſuſpected, will always find, when too late for redreſs, ſome kind friend to paint, with cruel candour, his hapleſs ſituation.

" From an unknown hand I was ſoon informed, that Mr. Poole, having done that which had rendered his native land a place of danger, was, at this time, diſſipating in the plains of luxury and vice, the remains of a once ample fortune.

" This alarming diſcovery you muſt naturally ſuppoſe, my child, affected thy inconſiderate father not a little.—I, however, diſguiſed my mortification, determined, if the conduct of my wife proved faultleſs, never to reproach her for her parent's duplicity.

" About ſeven months after our marriage, I received another letter from my father, who complained of ill-health, and a ſtrong deſire to ſee me.—I ſhed a tear over the intelligence, and determined to comply with his requeſt.

" From this period, to the death of my parent, what have I to relate?—Alas, my daughter, circumſtances which wring my heart; circumſtances which you know but too well already.

" My father no more—the object of my affection diſhonoured and betrayed:—I again left my country, being again ſummoned to the duty of a ſoldier againſt the common enemy. In the performance of that duty I received a dangerous wound, and was conveyed ſpeechleſs from the field. My recovery was very uncertain, and a long and ſevere confinement, gave double force to reflection.

" The papers of the day were my only companions. A week after I had made my firſt remittance to your mother, as I was looking over one of a diſtant date, I read an account of my own death. I inſtantly ſet down, and by that night's poſt, ſent off a letter to the perſon in whoſe charge I had left her, in which, I encloſed, dreading the worſt that could happen, a fifty pounds bank note, promiſed another in a few days, and intreated that every care might be taken of the dear woman, who, unworthy as I was, might yet regard me ſo far as to be lamenting my ſuppoſed loſs, and ſuffering under the effects of grief for one who had merited only her utter abhorrence. Alas, my child, my Charlotte, I knew the heart I had ruined.—I was ſenſible to its gentleneſs, its worth, its honour. I

conſidered that deeply wronged as ſhe had been by thy father, yet that her deep ſenſe of religion, would lead her to lament the fate of him, who though he had fallen in the duty of a ſoldier, had yet forgotten the honour of a *Man*.

" Before my troubled mind her image continually preſented itſelf, and in my dreams I beheld her kneeling, and in tears imploring heaven that her injuries might be wiped away from the awful page of my tranſgreſſions.

" I received no reply to this or my former letter: too weak to attempt travelling, I experienced the bitter anguiſh I merited; had it effected myſelf alone. But my diſappointment remained a myſtery.—And, while I was trembling in all the horrors of ſuſpenſe, the object for which I felt, might be entirely loſt for want of that aid which I had every reaſon to fear had never reached her. I diſpatched a meſſenger, who returned with the heart-rending intelligence, that the perſon to whom I had written had left the place, and that he had in vain endeavoured to gain intelligence of— !!!

" Oh! my daughter! the pen drops from my hand! my child never can forgive her father!

" What have I written? ' Never can forgive her

father.' "I had forgotten that a ſaint in heaven had left me my child. My Charlotte inherits her mother's purity and goodneſs. The dying requeſt of that mother is treaſured up in her breaſt; and forgiveneſs is doubly enſured to a repenting parent.

"Impatient and reſtleſs under confinement, I mended but by ſlow degrees. At length I was enabled to purſue my inquiries in perſon, but with no more ſucceſs than my meſſenger had before experienced. O Charlotte, would it were poſſible to paint the ſtate of thy father's heart, on finding the object of his perfidy, and yet, ſtrange contradiction, the object too of his tendereſt affection, removed from him—and, as his foreboding and engloomed mind predicted, FOR EVER!

"Peace between the two kingdoms again reſtored, I threw up my commiſſion: I conſidered that my conduct had diſhonoured my profeſſion; and my upbraiding conſcience whiſpered, 'Hold it no longer.'

"With a heavy and revolting heart I returned to that wife who certainly had a legal claim on my affection; but, as if conſcious of not meeting with it, ſhe left me an infant daughter, and had removed *herſelf* beyond the reach of my indifference, not to ſay my averſion.

"A fixed melancholy took inſtant poſſeſſion of my mind. I was not cruel enough to undeceive my father and brother, who were indeed very kind and attentive to me; the more ſo, perhaps, under an idea that I was lamenting a loſs which, in reality, had never given me the ſmalleſt concern.

"My time was now entirely engaged in reading and reflection: Books of devotion, and particularly that book upon which they are all formed, became at length the comfort and conſolation of a mind that was rapidly advancing to the dreadful confines of deſpair.

"Thankful for the change, I felt my heart by degrees incline towards the unoffending innocent, whoſe engaging ſmiles ſeemed to reproach its parent. I conſidered it as a duty incumbent on me to employ my little means and my time for its benefit, when I ſhould be no more. Beauty had fixed her ſtamp upon its countenance. For hours have I ſat and meditated on the ſtate of female lovelineſs, deſtitute of its natural guardians, of whom it had been bereft by death, reverſe of fortune, or many of the numerous accidents which beſet humanity, and from which no ſtation is exempt.

"At the cloſe of theſe reflections, the memory of your mother has ruſhed upon my heart, and my

ſoul has felt another pang, at the recollection of my perfidy. 'Hapleſs, inſulted, and loſt innocent,' have I often ſaid, 'where now is thy reſting place? Is it in the ſilent grave, or is it in the habitation of miſery and want? Where, where is thy little one, born to ſorrow, and fated to execrate its unknown, its cruel father?'

"Although the ſituation of my mind rendered me unfit for ſociety, yet, conſulting my reaſon, and ſtill more, liſtening to the dictates of my religion, I found that I had not a right to ſit down, and indulge melancholy, at my child's expence.

"A neighbour, with whom I had been long acquainted, and who had been very ſucceſsful as an Engliſh merchant, agreed to my propoſals of venturing a certain ſum, which I put into his poſſeſſion, to employ agreeably to the dictates of his judgment, at the ſame time fully relying upon his honour, which had remained unimpeached during the courſe of twenty years, in which he had been engaged in extenſive concerns and numerous connexions.

It pleaſed heaven, my Charlotte, to bleſs the endeavours of thy father, every year added to his ſtore; and my child's dutiful and affectionate conduct reproached me for my indifference to the neglected wife who had left me ſuch a comforter.

" My father-in-law, whoſe head was graced with the ſnow of many years, on the attainment of his eighty-fifth, took to his bed, where he fell into his laſt and gentle ſleep; happy diſmiſſion! He had lived a child of error, and his day was far gone, before he called his thoughts to counſel for the amendment of his conduct, which had impoveriſhed his fortune, and reduced him even to diſtreſs, when the death of his brother, who, while living, denied him any aſſiſtance, put him unexpectedly into the poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable eſtate. The ſudden change in his circumſtances produced a happy one in his manners: he lived many years to enjoy his good fortune in health and eaſe. Continual acts of munificence procured to him the bleſſings of the poor for miles round him; and when he died, it was not on the bed of *long-ſuffering*.

" By his death the fortune of my daughter received the addition of twenty thouſand pounds. This rendered her independent of me. How dear, how doubly dear, did my heart eſteem her, when, embracing me in tears, which duty and affection prompted, ſhe expreſſed a wiſh to owe every thing to her father, ' to her revered, her honoured father.'

" My daughter made uſe of all thoſe delicate and nameleſs means, which minds elegantly formed are

only verſed in, to reſtore me by degrees to myſelf, and ſerenity. She was now of an age when moſt young women are ſetting imagination to work, to get rid of the company of elders and friends; but every hour not employed in the attainment of thoſe accompliſhments which were to gain her rank and conſequence on a future day, was devoted to my ſociety.

I had long formed a wiſh to conſign to the bo[illegible]m of *ſuch* a friend the cauſe of that ſorrow which preyed upon my heart. Many a time, with inquiring and tear-full eyes, had ſhe beheld me labouring to conceal the anguiſh of inward remorſe. By degrees I made her acquainted with my hiſtory—to which ſhe liſtened with amiable attention, endeavoured to reconcile me to myſelf, and joined with me in wiſhing that heaven might reſtore the object whoſe loſs I mourned with unceaſing regret.

Alas, that object!—but no more.—Forgive me, Charlotte: to his lateſt moment thy offending parent is doomed to the bitterneſs of reflexion. Yes, he muſt ſuffer much *here*, or venture not on the hope of beholding her hereafter.

The gentleman dying, with whom I had formed connexions for the improvement of a fortune which was now, independent of that of my daughter's, very

conſiderable, I returned to England, where Mr. Neville became enamoured of my accompliſhed child. He received her from me at the ſacred altar; and myſterous providence, as if to overwhelm me with its bleſſings, made them the reſtorers of their ſiſter, the reſtorers of her who ſhall henceforth be encircled with our fondeſt affection."

Mingled emotions, ariſing from gratitude, joy, and ſorrow, were almoſt too powerful for the mild and amiable Charlotte to ſuſtain. She remembered the words of her ſiſter, and preſſed to her duteous lips the mournful proofs of a father's inward anguiſh.

From her chamber window ſhe beheld Mrs. Neville ſeated in an alcove, where that lady had been waiting in expectation of being found by the Child of Humility, when her mournful, yet conſoling taſk was completed. In her way to the garden ſhe was joined by Mr. Neville, who informed her that, at his own requeſt, her father had given up the thoughts of ſeeing her on that day; adding, "his ſpirits are yet but in a very low ſtate, and it will be better for you both to ſee each other in the morning. He has fixed the place of meeting at the ſummer houſe by the canal; you love, my ſiſter, to quit your pillow betimes, and I imagine our parent will not be there *before* you." At a very early hour Miſs Villars retired to her chamber: the moon-beams irradiated

a fall of water ſeen from the balcony into which ſhe had drawn her chair: her mind was too deeply engaged for repoſe; and the mildneſs and beauty of the night induced her to keep her ſeat. The caſcade deſcending from a noble and lofty piece of rock-work, formed a ſtriking object of itſelf; the ſplendour of this night diſplayed the ſurrounding ſcenery, and made it appear ſtill more grand, as it ornamented an extenſive baſon, whoſe liquid ſurface gave a ſecond view of its glittering honours.

Here Charlotte ſat ruminating on the paſt. Sighs to the memory of her mother at intervals aroſe from her boſom; while her thoughts were buſy in framing words of comfort for the heart of her father, on the approaching interview.

The night had advanced to its lateſt hour! That hour tolled forth in deep and hollow ſounds from the caſtle-clock: its deep vibrations had ſcarcely died away, before Charlotte beheld a figure iſſue from the pitchy confines of a grove near the caſcade. The object proceeded with ſlow and meaſured ſteps to the borders of the water. Its form was that of a female, tall but drooping, with folded arms and declining head! it glided along the edge of the baſon! then caſting a look towards Charlotte, who ſat trembling, yet unable to move, it ſunk upon its knees, held up its hands in the attitude of prayer; then

riſing, gave another look towards the balcony, and returned again to the grove.—The affrighted Charlotte quitted her ſeat, and, though greatly alarmed, was unwilling to diſturb the repoſe of her woman, who ſlept in the adjoining apartment. She endeavoured to perſuade herſelf that the object juſt behind was no more than a phantom raiſed by imagination. In this belief ſhe diſmiſſed her fear, and, commending herſelf to heaven, ſunk into a gentle ſlumber; in which, ſeated, in idea, again at the balcony, opening clouds of uncommon brilliancy preſented to her enraptured view the abodes of the bleſſed: rivers of tranſparent gold ſeemed to meander through pleaſant vallies, whoſe verdant ſides, cloathed with productions of nameleſs beauty, were crowned with trees ſmiling in eternal bloſſom. The ſplendid viſion after a time was veiled from her ſight by intervening clouds, white as the virgin ſnow which covers the boſom of the earth. Theſe were again broken, while from their waving bed aroſe a magnificent temple, on which ſhe beheld her mother ſurrounded by ſeraphic forms. Sounds far more ſweet than any known to mortal ear, floated in the air; the viſion diſappeared by degrees; the ſounds gently died away; and Charlotte awoke. The ſun's, earlieſt beams illumined her chamber; ſhe aroſe, and prepared to meet her father. Her morning dreſs accorded with the innocence and artleſs ſimplicity of her mind; and in a little time, ſhe was ſeated in

the ſummer houſe by the canal. She ſat, in trembling expectation of her father's coming, while ſome thin watery clouds reſigned their liquid treaſures on the warm boſom of the expecting earth, which quickly imbibed the grateful dew it wanted. A ſhadowy and pleaſing gloom reſted on the tranſparent ſurface of the canal; every flower, ſhrub, and tree which adorned its ſloping banks, received an increaſe of beauty, while the light and grateful breeze wafted their ſweets around, and rendered the ſecluded and enchanting ſpot worthy of its expreſſive name *The Vale of Eden.*

The ſplendour of nature was not long interrupted; the rain-drops yet hanging from the refreſhed leafage, outſhone the fineſt luſtre of the poliſhed diamond, let it ſparkle as it may, on the ſumptuous trappings of royalty in a birth-day ſcene. And now, the ſun, no longer oppoſed, ſhone forth in all its glory; heightening the effect of the ſurrounding objects, while the clouds retiring from the azure canopy of heaven, left it unſullied with a ſtain.

The father of Charlotte found his ſituation too intereſting to admit of repoſe. The hours of darkneſs were filled up with mournful reflections on his perfidy and ingratitude, and on the miſery it had occaſioned to the mother of that child he was ſo ſoon to meet, and, for the firſt time, to acknowlédge. How

that child, ſo recently engaged in the peruſal of melancholy truths, which weighed ſo heavily againſt him, could or would receive him, notwithſtanding his aſſurance of her gentleneſs and her virtues, perplexed him in the extreme. At length doubts and fears yielded to the conſoling whiſpers of Hope; he aroſe from his couch, which, as his "lids" were not "unſullied with a tear," "kind nature's ſweet reſtorer balmy ſleep," had refuſed to viſit; and proceeded to the window, which commanded a grand and extenſive ſcene, where hill and dale, wood and winter, lay outſtretched in beautiful variety. His heart ſwelled with holy ſenſations, impreſſed with the awful and intereſting taſk he had to perform: he prayed that the power who had preſerved him to view a long loſt and injured child, would incline her heart to forgiveneſs, and ſupport that of her repenting father. The Being who formed us, ever merciful and good, liſtened to the petition of the humble and the contrite heart.

The time of meeting drew near: he repaired to the garden, and entered a cloſe walk, which led to the ſpot were Charlotte was to await his coming. The gentle tones of a guittar induced him to pauſe: he liſtened to a melancholy ſtrain, proceeding from a voice equally ſoft and melodious as the taſte prompted ſounds, a very fine touch produced from the inſtrument. Unwilling to interrupt the beloved

harmoniſt, and deſirous of hearing the ſubject of her morning ſong, he advanced to a ſpot, where he could unobſerved diſtinctly hear the following ſtanzas.

LOST in the paths of miſery and woe,
How late I wander'd wretched and forlorn;
Without a friend, unknowing where to go,
I wail'd the day that ever I was born!—
Yet pitying Hope reliev'd my hours of grief,
While meek Religion ſmil'd and miniſter'd relief.

How dear to me this temple of the grove!
Still be its cypreſs ſhade, its ſtream ador'd;
Where ſoon his child ſhall prove a parent's love,
Reſtor'd to virtue, to himſelf reſtor'd!
Eternal Power, who hears the wretched ſigh,
To thee, within this fane, my vows I pay;
O dry the tear that fills a parent's eye,
O let him ſmile again on gladſome day.
Freed from the gloom which weigh'd upon his ſoul,
Freed from corroding grief, and miſery's hard control.

Sharp is the venom'd ſting of mental pain.
What medicine can relieve the tortur'd mind?
When pallid ſorrow pours its mournful ſtrain,
Death is the only friend the wretched find!
When righteous Heaven myſteriouſly denies,
The balm of comfort to an aching breaſt,
Leaves the lone victim to conſuming ſighs,
Loſt to the world and every way diſtreſt:
—The ſufferer ſinks beneath a weight of care;
Expires, in all the pangs of comfortleſs deſpair!

Here Charlotte was interrupted by the preſence of her parent. Deſcription reſigns to imagination the ſcene which followed. It was the triumph of Senſibility and Nature. Mr. Serle, and his delighted daughter were at length joined by Mr. and Mrs. Neville, the latter went up to Miſs Serle, who was diſſolved in tears of joy and gratitude, and taking her hand, led her again to her father, who had proceeded towards the window to hide his emotions, which were increaſed, when turning round, he beheld his children kneeling at his feet in the act of imploring his mutual bleſſing.—Mr. Serle knelt down, and ſobbing, ſaid, "And do I embrace *both* my daughters.—Yes! I fold them in my arms; in thanks to heaven for thus lighting up the evening of my days; for thus, at length, viſiting the penitent with peace and comfort." Mr. Neville ſurveyed the parties thus affectingly engaged with that rapture which fills a worthy breaſt on beholding the objects of its love and veneration happy in being reſtored, by means unlooked for, to the embraces of each other.

About noon Mr. Serle's ſervant preſented a letter to his maſter, who informed the company that it contained a requeſt to ſee him before the hand of death ſhould ſeal the lips of an object of his bounty, who wiſhed to conſign a ſecret to himſelf and his new-found child.

The carriage was ordered to the gate, Mr. Serle and his daughter ſtepped into it, and in a little time they alighted at the door of a ſequeſtered and mean habitation, where its miſtreſs, a tottering and ancient matron, conducted them into a chamber, in which lay, on a miſerable bed, a female, whoſe wan and withered countenance beſpoke the utmoſt diſtreſs of mind, while her palſied frame was ſhivering on the extreme verge of diſſolution. Charlotte looked at the extended wretch, and then caſting her eyes round the broken walls of the dreary room, ſunk down in a chair exclaiming, " O my mother! how this ſcene recals you to my memory? Such was your chamber of death: But ſmiles and ſweetneſs ſat on your countenance.—My foreboding mind tells me, this dying woman is not viſited in her laſt moments with that which bleſſed thine—THE PEACE OF HEAVEN!

Mr. Serle was advancing towards the bed, but hearing the ſoul-ſtabbing words of his daughter, turned to her, ſaying, " Oh my child, have ſome mercy upon thy erring father."—Charlotte throwing her arms round his neck, and kiſſing the tears, from the venerable face they gliſtened on, begged, with agitations no way ſhort of his own, to be forgiven for having wounded his feelings in the manner ſhe had done, and which a ſudden impulſe had been the occaſion of. And now a deep groan ut-

tered by the object of their viſit, called their attention towards her. With a tremulous tone, ſhe inquired if Mr. Serle could diſcover no traces of one who was once known to him. Being anſwered in the negative, the ſick woman ſaid, "It is no wonder; miſery hath worn me to a ſhadow; a torturing conſcience hath changed that countenance which you once beheld with delight, when bleſſed with innocence, and happy in the affection of a worthy huſband. You firſt taught me the leſſon of vanity, and by the ſubtle poiſon of flattery overturned thoſe principles which had been trained to virtue, but I have had my revenge; the mother of the dear child, now reſtored to your parental care, periſhed for the want of that of which I deprived her. Now remember the name of Hodges, who once bravely defended you againſt the ſword of the enemy: in return you inſulted his honour, by degrading his wife. I am that wife.—I have terribly revenged the cauſe of an injured huſband, and in my perfidy to you and yours, I have given "ſtab for ſtab."—I perceive you tremble, but I hope, ſir, the hour of your deſpair is paſt! your repentance, I truſt, hath procured you forgiveneſs, and heaven, in preſerving this young lady, in the miraculous manner it has done, ſurely means to bleſs you with its peace here and its joys hereafter.—Nothing remains for me, but to implore your forgiveneſs before I die.—A few hours at moſt will terminate the exiſtence of her who muſt

be brief in her confeſſion. Know then, ſir, that from motives of avarice, I perſuaded the amiable woman you left to my protection, to change her place of abode, as well as her name, which ſhe conſidered as diſgraced through your means. Nay, weep not, ſir, *your* crimes are pardoned; and your prayers are wanted for *mine!* Within a few years after your departure I took my laſt leave of the object I had ſo cruelly deceived, and ſet off on a viſit to a relation ſome hundred miles from hence, but whom I offended by a ſecond marriage with a perſon who had long been under the weight of his diſpleaſure.—My ingratitude and my imprudence brought on their own puniſhment. My huſband, by various exceſſes, reduced himſelf to diſtreſs, and dying, left me nearly deſtitute of the means to ſupport a miſerable being. The door that had been ſhut againſt me, was not again opened, and for many painful years I exiſted on the produce of my needle. My relation, dying, remembered me in his will, and finding my health viſibly declining, I determined to return to the place of my nativity.—Now mark the hand of heaven! Not many miles from this dwelling, the carriage which was conveying me on my journey was ſtopped by robbers, by whom I was in a moment bereft of my all, and reduced to beggary. The plunderers were not poſſeſſed of a ſpark of pity, for, alas! they *ſaved my life.* I wandered on to this houſe; the woman who keeps it is a poor diſtreſſed widow, bent

down with infirmities, as you have ſeen—but ſhe was humane, and ſhared her bread and water with me.—My misfortune brought on a ſevere fit of illneſs, from which I was recovering when I heard the circumſtance of this young lady's being ſaved from periſhing in the lake. Her hiſtory was too well known to me. I need not tell you now, ſir, of the intereſt I had in it—which produced a ſettled gloom on my mind.—One night wandering near the caſtle, and finding a ſmall gate which had been left open, I entered its garden and ventured to pierce through a thick grove leading to the wide lawn which fronts your extenſive manſion.

The moon ſhone with uncommon ſplendour, and reflected on a piece of water, which appeared at that moment uncommonly beautiful. I looked towards the caſtle, and beheld the balcony window open, and this young lady taking her ſeat within it, as if enjoying the ſplendid and ſtill ſcene before her. The ſight of her, at ſuch a time too, affected me deeply. I found that ſhe had obſerved me.—I was apprehenſive I had raiſed her fears.—I again ſought the gloom of the grove, but before I entered I was ſeized with an involuntary impulſe, and falling on my knees, I called upon heaven to bleſs your child, and pardon me:—I am faint—be ſpeedy, if you have a prayer for me before I go hence—all will ſoon be over—a pain at my ſhuddering heart will

quickly diſmiſs me from your preſence—perhaps too for ever."—"Not ſo, I hope not ſo," exclaimed Mr. Serle. "Heaven is merciful and good! See my daughter anxious to preſs your lips; embrace my child, embrace her father, who too ſtrongly feels that in *your* future ſtate, *his own* is ſurely involved. That if yon heaven withholds its pardon, the man who led you into error and guilt can never dare to expect forgiveneſs!"

It is time to drop the curtain. It falls on the death of this penitent woman—never to be forgotten by the once guilty but now penitent father of

THE CHILD OF HUMILITY.

THE GAMESTER.

"AND what brought thee hither?" ſaid the accompliſhed Henry Lovemore, to the penſive Jeſſey. "Unveil thy face, if it be as lovely as thy form is elegant, hard muſt be the heart that wounded thine." Approaching to unveil her, the matron interfered, ſaying, "This, Sir, muſt not be; I am well rewarded for the care of this young lady—I received her from a gentleman, who calling himſelf her father,

warned me, as I wiſhed my mind eaſy on my laſt bed, to be tender to his child. 'I preſent her to you,' ſaid he, 'veiled; it is her deſire and mine that her face ſhould never more be ſeen; her real name muſt not be known—call her therefore Jeſſey.'—Many ladies and gentlemen, Sir, viſit theſe mournful confines, and it is not by her permiſſion only, but requeſt, that the door of her chamber is ſometimes left open, that ſhe may hold melancholy converſe with thoſe on whom ſhe pleaſes to beſtow her attention. You, Sir, ſeem to attract her regard—ſpeak to her—ſhe is not offended."—Harry felt his heart ſoftened—he aſked pardon of the bewildered innocent; ſhe replied to him with a voice of inexpreſſible ſoftneſs—at the ſame time, ſhe turned to a table, and opening a ſmall caſket, took from thence a lock of hair, and preſenting it to her gay, but heart-touched viſitor, ſaid, "Take this ringlet, intended for one by whom I once thought myſelf beloved, and remember that it was given thee by the penſive Jeſſey, who deſerted by reaſon and abandoned by him ſhe loved, gave up her haraſſed imagination to the keeping of melancholy and hopeleſs ſorrow. Alas, Sir! wide are the realms of miſery, and many are her children who roam thereon. You have little reaſon to wiſh to ſee *my* face, where the winter of neglect, and the froſt of unkindneſs, have deſtroyed the roſes of health! But I ſhall ſoon be at reſt;—to the grave I look forward as a refuge

from the ſtorms I have endured."—Harry felt himſelf affected, and replied, "Why this romantic flight? Deſcend to common life and common terms, that we may converſe with greater eaſe." "Common life, and common terms!" cried the hapleſs girl, "how you have miſtaken my fate!—Uncommon has been my life, and hard have been the terms on which I have held it!—few in number have been my years, yet the ſtings of affliction have rendered my exiſtence gloomy and forlorn."—Harry wept.—"Tell me," he cried, "unhappy maiden, if it is in the power of him who has once claimed your regard, by ſorrow and contrition, by love and affection, to reſtore you to life and to yourſelf; or has his unkindneſs utterly undone thy peace for ever?" Here Jeſſey uttered a deep ſigh, and exclaimed, "I fear my doom is fixed!—but why, Sir, theſe queſtions and this attention? Have a care: by thus commiſerating the fate of the hapleſs Jeſſey, you will only add to the trouble of her mind; and would you wiſh ſtill more to afflict the unfortunate?" "No" returned Harry, deeply affected, "I am, notwithſtanding appearances, myſelf unfortunate; and my mind, like thine, poor maid, is bewildered and diſtreſſed." "Indeed!" ſaid the gentle Jeſſey, "then ſit down by me, and tell me all your ſorrows, without reſerve. Regard not the preſence of Mrs. Herbert, to whoſe kindneſs I owe much, and ſhe loves me as a child,—for I am only melancholy and

do no harm to any one. What you relate ſhall go no farther, and will you deny her, who, when you are gone, will pray that your peace may be reſtored?" "Dear unfortunate," cried the afflicted Harry, "if my ſhort hiſtory can any way ſerve to divert your ſorrows, and break their force by participation, gladly would I viſit the amiable Jeſſey, with her to utter the mutual ſigh, abſtracted from the gay world, where all my hopes have been wrecked:—But, gentle maiden, indiſcretion and folly have completed my ruin, and the tumults of my mind are not, like thine, allayed by the conſciouſneſs of innocence. Bred in the gay ſchool of faſhion and levity, I was early initiated in all the follies that ſtain the characters of many, who boaſting the advantages of birth and fortune, purſue a conduct that at once ſtains the one, and renders the other a curſe inſtead of a bleſſing. Oh, Jeſſey! I once loved, and was again beloved:—Emilia Stanhope, deſcended from a family ancient and honourable, poſſeſſed a mind rich in every endearing charm. I was on the point of calling the lovely Emilia mine; when by indulging a fatal propenſity for play, I was, the evening before our intended marriage, raſh and wicked enough to hazard my eſtate on the turn of a fatal die!—and at one moment, I ſaw myſelf ſtripped of wealth and affluence, and reduced to the condition of a private gentleman. I immediately buried myſelf far down in the country; aſhamed to

own my folly, and ſtill too juſt to impoſe myſelf, a poor ruined gameſter, on an honourable family.—I did not then conſider on the cruel effects my conduct might have on her who had loved me but too well. I had at the time I was mad enough to loſe my all in the manner I have related, an uncle, nearly at the point of death, and as a diſcovery of my raſhneſs might utterly have undone me with him, I obtained a promiſe from the winner of my fortune, to keep the matter a ſecret—he has not betrayed me—my uncle is ſince dead—I am again recalled to fortune and affluence, but my peace is gone for ever; for on the inſtant I could again appear to claim my loved Emilia, I haſtened to her father to own my crime, and petition forgiveneſs: but, alas! I found the wretched father in the courſe of a few ſhort months ſunk to a mere ſhadow—he forgave me indeed:—but told me that his child had, at her own requeſt, immured herſelf from the world.—But Oh Jeffey! this much injured gentleman would not inform me where I might once more ſee her, whoſe remembrance will for ever live in a heart that will never own another: 'It may,' he ſaid, 'be conſidered as a falſe pride in me, but I could no more bear the diſgrace of that never to be forgotten day, of your myſterious and cruel abſence, than my poor child could ſupport the ſhame of neglected and affronted love. That child, Lovemore, is now a voluntary recluſe, nor will any but her father behold her face

again.' As ſoon as Lovemore had concluded, Jeſſey took him by the hand, and leading him to the glaſs—"This mirror," ſaid ſhe, "has the power of reſtoring to the faithful heart, the perfect reſemblance of the object beloved. Aſſure me that your heart is true to what you have uttered, that Emilia is the only object of your attention, and you ſhall inſtantly witneſs its power, and view that form whoſe abſence you lament." "Whatever may be your meaning, my amiable Jeſſey, or if what you have uttered be only the effuſion of your elegant fancy, I appeal to heaven for the truth of all you have heard me utter." On this aſſertion, the amiable and hitherto afflicted girl, withdrew her veil, and diſcovered to the enraptured Lovemore not only the image, but turning round, he claſped the *real* the *reſtored* Emilia Stanhope.

Mrs. Herbert diſpatched a meſſenger to Emilia's afflicted parent; and mutual vows of love and forgiveneſs were exchanged in his preſence. Mr. Stanhope was again cheered with health and happineſs, and lived many years bleſſed in his children.—Go ye, who ſport your thouſands, and take example from HARRY LOVEMORE!

THE SHIPWRECK.

SIR William James, after long ſupporting the firſt of characters, that of a Britiſh merchant, with honour and integrity, reſigned his extenſive connexions in favour of his nephew, an amiable young man, who, loſing his parents at an early age, had found in Sir William a ſteady friend, and a valuable counſellor. Mr. Meadows, from infancy to manhood, had ever paid obedience to the will of his uncle, except in one particular, wherein the heart cannot command itſelf. The amiable, but defenceleſs, Maria Willoughby, had for ſome time been the object of an affection, too ſtrong for him to ſtruggle with; an affection heightened by her worth, her ſorrows, and her innocence. Her father, like many inconſiderate men who live far beyond their income, had brought her up with expectations not in his power to realize. He had vied with his neighbour Sir William in his houſe, his ſervants, and his equipage;—but the one was ſupported by real wealth, while the other was no more than gilded poverty. This melancholy truth his daughter too ſoon experienced; Mr. Willoughby being ſeized with a violent illneſs, which in a few days put a period to his exiſtence, and overwhelmed the hapleſs Maria in ſudden and unexpected miſery.

Sir William with aſtoniſhment beheld the confuſion which immediately ſucceeded the death of his neighbour; and with a goodneſs peculiar to worthy minds, protected the diſtreſſed Maria from inſult; preſerved the remains of her imprudent father from the graſp of unfeeling creditors, and ſaw them decently interred.

Sir William had a failing, which greatly obſcured his many valuable qualities, and this failing was PRIDE. He had for ſome time diſcovered a growing affection between his nephew and the unfortunate Maria. During the life of her father, he found no reaſon to oppoſe the inclinations of the young gentleman; but now, conſidering the matter in a different light, he took an opportunity when they were alone, of adreſſing him thus: "It is with no ſmall degree of concern, Mr. Meadows, that I have obſerved an increaſed attention on your part to the daughter of the inconſiderate and departed Willoughby; but I hope reſpect for me and a due regard to your own honour, will induce you to ſhake off an infant paſſion, and, with becoming dignity, look forward to connexions more worthy of your family and fortune."—Mr. Meadows, impreſſed with ſilent anguiſh, which, for the moment, robbed him of the power of utterance, reſpectfully withdrew. The ſurpriſe of Sir William, at the perturbation of his nephew, was heightened by his immediately re-

turning with the downcaſt and bluſhing Maria, whom he had made his own by the moſt ſacred tie. They knelt and implored bleſſing and forgiveneſs.

The humble ſuppliants remained on their knees, looking up to Sir William, who with looks expreſſive of the utmoſt indignation, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid, "Riſe, Mr. Meadows, and do not inſult me with an appearance of duty and reſpect, at the moment your heart diſclaims my right to either. Know, Sir, you have for ever loſt my friendſhip and eſteem; an imprudent marriage involved your thoughtleſs mother in difficulties that beggared your fortunes, and, but for me, you had been poor and miſerable. Is this then the return you have made? Go, imprudent young man; but remember, my fortunes no longer ſupport you in a line of honour and credit, you have yourſelf ſo raſhly deſerted."—Sir William, too faithful to his cruel reſolve, withdrew his protection from Mr. Meadows, who was obliged, in conſequence, to give up his houſe and ſervants, and retire to obſcure lodgings.

But his lady, ſtill in poſſeſſion of ſome valuable trinkets, propoſed to diſpoſe of them in order to preſerve them from abſolute beggary.

"My affectionate Maria!" exclaimed the unfortunate Meadows, "what is beggary to diſgrace?

I ſee but one way to avoid diſhonour: and that is to quit a land hoſtile to our peace. You have my picture encircled with diamonds of great worth: I know how much you value it. I am ſorry to affect your gentle heart; but, the ſale of that will at leaſt raiſe ſufficient to convey us to a friend I have abroad, who, I am ſure, will ſerve me to the utmoſt of his power. I cannot remain here a wretched mark for the finger of unfeeling ſcorn. Our former acquaintance will only deride, and not pity, our misfortunes. Why therefore remain in a country, which is no longer a country for you and me?"

Mrs. Meadows immediately opened a ſmall cabinet, from whence ſhe took the picture; bade him follow the dictates of his worthy mind; for while ſhe was cheered with his preſence, and comforted by his love, all parts of the world were alike to her, as her Meadows was the only remaining treaſure in it.

Embracing his Maria with fervent gratitude, he left her, and diſpoſed of what he could then ſpare, for a ſum anſwerable to the expences of their intended voyage. He then bargained with the maſter of a veſſel ready to ſail; in a few days they embarked, with hearts which reproached them not, and turned their backs on a land in which they had not left one ſingle friend to regret their departure.

They had been for ſome days on the world of waters when a violent ſtorm aroſe; the increaſing flaſhes of lightning gave them a proſpect of horror in the extreme: they beheld only ſurrounding waves, whoſe foaming heads ſeemed to encounter, with returning rage, the elements, that diſturbed them; the overwhelming terrors increaſed: at length the fatal moment arrived, when ſtriking againſt a rock, the long-ſtruggling veſſel admitted, through its torn ſide, the ruſhing waters. But heaven, attentive to the objects of my tale, preſerved them. As the ſhip was going down, with all its wretched inmates, the diſtracted Meadows claſping his fainting Maria, exclaimed, "Oh! loſt, and loved partner of ſorrows that will now terminate; let us, in this awful moment, bleſs him whoſe heart will one day bleed for our undeſerved and miſerable end. I feel, my love, no drawback on our eternal hopes. I know the innocence of thy heart and the rectitude of my own. Affection like ours will not unfit us for approaching bliſs. I am reſigned, Maria, and would fortify thy heart with my hopes of an eternal period to every earthly anxiety." Theſe effuſions of piety, and reſignation were not anſwered by Maria; but expreſſive ſilence met his wiſhes; her fine eyes were raiſed to heaven. They kneeled in prayer together, and, in that ſituation, were ſinking as they imagined to a watery grave. But providence, unwilling to ſnatch them from a world in want of ſuch examples,

extended its ſaving power. Two parting rocks, then covered with the agitated wave, received them in the bed of their diviſion. At length the ſtorm abated of its fury, a calm ſucceeded, and the ſea left the thankful Meadows in quiet poſſeſſion of the ſituation he had gained. But what did returning light preſent?—His poor Maria, as he thought, no more. Looking wildly round; he began to wiſh that the waves had entombed them together.—But this was not a time to remain where he was; he diſcovered a paſſage among the rocks, and feeling a riſing hope that Maria might be reſtored, he took up his precious burthen, and purſued its windings, which, to his aſtoniſhment, terminated in a grove, in the ſhades of which indulgent nature had treaſured every ſweet to gratify the ſenſe, and every production needful for the ſupport of life. In all the trials of eventful exiſtence, the truly good will find that comfort often ſprings from the depths of miſery; forbidding the children of providence to deſpair. Impreſſed with this truth, Meadows haſtened with humble confidence to the pure ſtream, which proved a ſtream of returning life to his reviving Maria.

Maria at length reſtored, Meadows meaſured back his ſteps to the place they had left, to ſee if a ſurviving object remained to whom he might miniſter relief.—But all was loſt!

On the approach of night they ſought repoſe on a bed of leaves; early in the morning they were awakened by innumerable choriſters, who, happy in their native ſhades, and fearleſs of the deſtroyer man, were warbling from every branch the ſweet notes of liberty and love. Meadows liſtened to their melody with delight; he felt, he knew not why, his heart lightened by the whiſperings of Hope, and, turning to Maria, ſaid, "It is true, Maria, a melancholy fate has hitherto attended our love; but notwitſtanding the trials I have undergone, I yet live to bleſs heaven for its mercies. On the ſummit of yonder hill I have ſet up a ſignal, if perchance ſome ſhip may paſs, whoſe owner may take pity on our fate, and bear us again to the abodes of ſociety, where I can work without a murmur, and undergo fatigue without feeling it materially, provided my Maria can reconcile her mind to ſuch a change, without vainly looking back to former days of refinement and delicacy.

Such were the ſentiments of a worthy mind under the preſſure of misfortune. Meadows, acting in uniſon with the dictates of an honeſt heart, on the firſt viſitation of diſtreſs, procured a ſum he could call his own, and with a laudable intention, had applied it agreeably to the dictates of prudence and ſound reaſon; he therefore felt no ſting of ſelf-reproach, the bittereſt puniſhment miſery has in ſtore

for her hapleſs children. It had pleaſed heaven to afflict him, but he conſidered obedience as an indiſpenſible duty.

Every returning morn they aſcended the eminence on which the ſignal of hope was fixed, to ſee if they could diſcover a ſail; but none appearing, Meadows began to prepare a place of ſhelter againſt the return of a colder ſeaſon, in which he could likewiſe lay in fruits ſufficient to ſubſiſt on during its continuance. But in the fourth month after their miraculous preſervation, while they were ſurveying the wide-ſpread ocean, and contemplating the beauty of the ſcene, they diſcovered, with inexpreſſible delight, a veſſel making for the iſland, and every minute enlarging upon their view. At length the long boat was thrown out, which ſoon conveyed to ſhore the lieutenant and ſeveral of the ſhip's company.

Meadows in a few words gave the little hiſtory of his ſufferings, which claimed the fixed attention of his hearers; and then, with his Maria, accompanied them in their return to the veſſel.

On entering the cabin, a youth of genteel appearance ſprung forward, and ſeizing Meadows by the hand, exclaimed, "It is my friend whom I thought loſt!—does not Meadows recollect his ſchool-fellow

and companion Lewin?"—Meadows well remembered the features of *his ſchool-fellow and companion* Lewin: and replied, "I am not the Meadows you once knew, the affluent and the happy, but—" "Miſtaken man!" interrupted Lewin, "thou art ſtill the affluent and the happy, and know not the good you poſſeſs. Give me, therefore, a patient hearing. But firſt let our ladies retire to the inner cabin, and in due time we will call *yours* forth to joy and honour which await you in your native land, to which I will attend you. Lieutenant Williams can tranſact my buſineſs whither I am bound, and leave me to the far more important concern of reſtoring my valued friend to his ſorrowing and repentant kinſman."—Meadows, though aſtoniſhed, ſtill preſerved a calm mind, and requeſted Lewin to proceed, for he was prepared to hear him. Thus aſſured, this worthy and real friend began his welcome narration.

"On your ſudden departure from England, and the cauſe becoming public, your uncle, Sir William, was conſidered as a monſter of cruelty. Though it never was his intention to ſuffer you to remain *long* under the cloud of his diſpleaſure, PRIDE, the heart's worſt inmate, blinded him for a time, but it was only for a time. The moment he diſcovered you had left the kingdom, the diſtraction which ſeized him is not to be expreſſed; he ſhut himſelf

up, and gave orders to his domeſtics, that no one ſhould break in upon his ſorrows. A week had not elapſed ſince his ſecluſion from ſociety, before he received intelligence that his near relation, and dear friend, Lord D. lay at the point of death, and having a ſtrong deſire of taking a laſt farewel of his old friend and kinſman, Sir William inſtantly ſet out on the melancholy journey.

" He found his lordſhip nearly at the cloſe of earthly exiſtence. On entering the chamber, the dying man requeſted the abſence of his attendants, and in the preſence of his phyſician only (from whom I had this relation) thus addreſſed your weeping uncle.

" My dear Sir William muſt well know that every branch of our family, except one, are wealthy, and need no addition to their riches: I have, therefere, in caſe he yet lives, made my will in favour of your poor nephew, and the worthy woman of his choice. Do not weep, Sir William, I know the ſituation of your mind, and would not wound your feelings.— You are but too ſenſible of your error concerning them, and would I could lighten your ſufferings on their account! It is to be hoped, however, they will yet return to affluence and comfort."

" On the next day Lord D. expired in the arms

of his phyſician and Sir William, whoſe ſorrow on the occaſion, added to other griefs, has brought on an illneſs, from which he was not recovered when we left England. The manſion of Lord D. now your own, is at preſent his place of reſidence; he holds it but for you, and will know no peace till he can fold you in his arms, and receive forgiveneſs. Your preſence will ſnatch him from the grave, from which your preſence alone can ſave him."

After this affecting recital, Meadows made known the happy change in his fortunes to Maria; whoſe amiable heart melted on hearing the conſequences of her uncle's grief. Bereft of her own parent ſhe wiſhed to find another in Sir William; her feelings therefore on his account were equal to thoſe of a dutiful and affectionate child.

The captain now propoſed to the two friends to put them on ſhore at the firſt port they came to; his obliging offer was thankfully accepted; in a few days they parted with him and the friendly lieutenant, and in leſs than a week, arrived at the manſion of the late Lord D.

Sir William happened to be in the garden at ſome diſtance from the houſe. It was judged expedient for Meadows and Maria to retire to another apartment, in order to prevent any bad conſequence

which might ariſe from ſurpriſe, as, from the account of the ſervants, the mind, as well as health of Sir William was in a precarious ſtate. Sir William was directly informed of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Lewin; on which he repaired to the houſe to welcome his gueſts, and learn their buſineſs. Entering the parlour in which his viſitants were, he bowed with a melancholy and reſpectful air, and inquired of them what cauſe had procured him the honour of the preſent viſit? Mr. Lewin replied, that as it was happily in his power to give him information reſpecting Mr. Meadows, he thought it his duty to be the meſſenger of comfort, though unknown, and had accordingly ſet aſide an affair of conſequence to himſelf in order to wait on Sir William, and relieve his anxiety, concerning the fate of his kinſman. Lewin then, in the tendereſt manner poſſible, related every circumſtance relative to his friend, and, with a tearful eye, beheld the agitation of his hearer, who, when the relation was ended, aroſe and affectionately graſped the hand of Lewin; exclaiming, "Beſt of men! let theſe tears ſpeak for me how you have conſoled my ſuffering heart. I am ſenſible your kind attention to its feelings has induced you to keep my injured children from my warm embrace: I know they are not far from me—I will be collected: but give them—O give them to my arms, I am impatient to pour my bleſſing on them, and in return, be comforted by their forgiveneſs."

In obedience to this ardent requeſt Lewin inſtantly withdrew to the next apartment, from whence he led forth, and preſented to Sir William, the trembling objects of his former diſpleaſure.

Sir William, corrected by his ſufferings, and grateful for the events which cloſed them, in the fullneſs of his heart, thus expreſſed its dictates:

"Let the children of providence, in every ſituation, reſt aſſured, that an unſeen power will ever protect and guard them. For wiſe and good ends, it may think fit to incloſe them with ſurrounding ſorrows for a time; but ſorrows like thoſe we have endured, convey their own leſſon. Your trials, my children, aroſe from a doubt of my protection. I had a right to your confidence, as I had never rendered myſelf unworthy of it. Failing in that duty, and too doubtful to confide, you took up your own fears concerning me, and, as the children of error, have been puniſhed accordingly.—My ſufferings, were productive of ſelf-enquiry.—I am now convinced that pride and happineſs are never to be united,

THE VICTIM.

THE enlivening month of May was juſt departing, and had already reſigned the beauties of ſpring, with all its bloſſoms and its ſweets, to the warmer influence of ſummer, when Mr. Anſell, having ſome buſineſs to tranſact in London, in conſequence of the lamented death of a father he had long loved and honoured, left, for the firſt time, the manſion where he had paſſed the happy and innocent hours of playful childhood. His mother he had never known, therefore could not regret a loſs, the remembrance of which, for eighteen years, had preyed on the heart of his father, who at length fell a victim to the ſlow but ſure workings of inward grief.

Arriving at the village of S——, about the cloſe of day, Mr. Anſell thought it prudent to ſecure a lodging for the night, eſpecially as he had papers of conſequence about him; giving therefore the neceſſary orders to his ſervant, they put up their horſes at a ſmall inn in the place; and the evening being very fine, Mr. Anſell employed his time in wandering.—The venerable appearance of the village church attracted his attention; he entered the mournful boundary which ſurrounded it, and

peruſed, with watery eyes, the unlearned, yet pious tributes of ruſtic affection.

The church door happening to be open, his curioſity induced him to examine the rude architecture of the time-worn pile. In the middle of the aiſle, obſerving a new-made grave, he inquired of an old matron, who with claſped hands was ſighing over it, for whom it was intended. "It is intended," replied the ancient mourner, "for the flower of our village, whoſe bounty fed me and many more that are poor, aged, and friendleſs; ſhe was the pride of our hearts, and the comfort of our remnant days; wherever ſhe went the young and the old followed her with bleſſings. But ſhe is gone! and the aged and infirm muſt die uncomforted."

"Tell me, worthy and ſorrowing woman," ſaid Mr. Anſell, "the name and rank of your loſt benefactreſs; your gratitude has affected me, and you ſhall not die uncomforted, as far as worldly aid can comfort that awful hour!" Her feeble knees bent in return for the attention of Mr. Anſell, and pointing to the priſon-houſe, not far diſtant, thus continued: "Within thoſe gloomy walls, groans, in all the agony of guilt, the foul murderer of Louiſa Markham, who was ſtabbed at this altar by his deſperate hand." Mr. Anſell's ſervant now attended

on his maſter, with notice that ſome refreſhment was prepared for him at the inn. But the intelligence concerning Miſs Markham was of too intereſting a nature to be left unfiniſhed: he therefore, waving his hand to the domeſtic, requeſted of the poor old woman to proceed, who replied, "Your honour will excuſe my inability, where you are going you will hear every particular:—I can weep, ſir, but I cannot ſpeak on that which wrings my heart but to think of.—Our village is very full in conſequence of the awful ſolemnity of to-morrow, which will behold the remains of all that was beautiful and good conſigned to this early grave."

Mr. Anſell concluding, from her converſation and appearance, that ſhe had ſeen better days, intreated her acceptance of a piece of gold, accompanied with an aſſurance that he ſhould make it a principal concern to miniſter to the future relief of herſelf, and thoſe whoſe fate ſhe ſeemed ſo feelingly to deplore.

On his return to the inn, he inquired of the landlord if he knew and could relate the particulars of Miſs Markham's unhappy ſtory. "Ay, maſter," replied the publican, "that I could if I was not in ſuch a ſtew and a hurry:—it is an ill wind that blows nobody good:—the place is chuck full to ſee the burying to-morrow, which is to make a mortal grand ſhew, and I warrant will coſt a fine ſight of

money. I am a man of few words, as you ſee, and have got a ſupper to dreſs for a company juſt come in, and that is better than loſing my time in talking about what every body knows:—but if you want a man for converſation, there is our curate will hold you at that by the hour together, if ſo be as he thinks you a ſenſible man; but ifags he is no great judge of ſuch ſort, for he never ſpoke twenty words to *me* in his life:—but I minds nothing of that, for he is mortal poor, and don't come to take his draught, and lay down his pence: ſo the leſs I knows ſuch as he, the better."

Mr. Anſell having heard this curious harangue to the end, requeſted the curate might be ſent for. "Ay, that he ſhall," ſays mine hoſt, "better provide for three than two. Here boy, ſtep to the green, and tell old Perriwig the parſon to come here." The lad did as he was ordered, and ſoon returned with information, that "Mr. Jennings was *a-coming*."

In leſs than ten minutes the door opened, and the landlord entered with Mr. Jennings, whoſe appearance at once beſpoke the gentleman and the chriſtian.—Mr. Anſell roſe, and bowing reſpectfully, thus addreſſed his viſitor: "Pardon, my worthy ſir, the liberty I have taken in ſending for you; but let the melancholy occaſion plead my ex-

cuſe." He was proceeding, when, turning round, he perceived the publican had very cordially taken a ſeat. Offended at a freedom ſo unſeaſonable, and hurt at the late illiberality of this vulgar intruder, Mr. Anſell, with a look of diſpleaſure, bade him withdraw, and remember decency and manners the next time he had occaſion to mention a gentleman ſo much his ſuperior; then turning to Mr. Jennings, he added, "It gives me pain, my dear ſir, to witneſs the little reſpect which gentlemen of your profeſſion meet with from thoſe whoſe ignorance might plead an excuſe, did not the craftineſs of low minds convince me that where their intereſt is concerned, the ſervility of the vulgar herd is equal to their impudence. You may reſt aſſured, however, that as I hold ſome conſequence in theſe parts, it is my intention to ſee into and remedy many abuſes which now ſubſiſt, to the diſgrace of order and rectitude." During this ſpeech, the publican left the room, with looks expreſſive of the moſt abject fear, which were heightened on learning from the domeſtic, that his maſter was indeed a gentleman of rank and fortune.

Supper was now ſerved in. After which Mr. Anſell requeſted of his gueſt to make him acquainted with the ſtory of Miſs Markham.—Mr. Jennings uttered a heart-felt ſigh, and thus began the melancholy tale.

" Sir Richard Markham, member for the county of —— was married very early in life to the youngeſt daughter of Lord L. The firſt year bleſt their loves with a daughter that was in every reſpect the moſt lovely babe I ever beheld. The little Louiſa grew up the darling of all who knew her; in her fifth year, ſhe was ſeized with a fever. The complaint bore its moſt favourable aſpect; while Lady Markham, too much unlike the faſhionable mothers of the preſent day, watched over her dear infant with the fond anxiety of a tender parent. It pleaſed heaven to ſpare the child, but its mother caught the infection, to which ſhe fell a martyr. The courſe of a few days proved the inſtability of ſublunary bliſs. Thoſe days beheld her beautiful, and glowing with youth and health; but ere their ſhort courſe was run, the lovely object was no more!—The affliction of Sir Richard, on this melancholy occaſion, was not of that violent nature as to admit of no comfort. In a few months he recovered from his dejection; Louiſa's engaging manners rendered her doubly dear—no expence was withheld in completing her education; and at the age of fourteen, there was not a female accompliſhment to be acquired but what ſhe was in poſſeſſion of: to thoſe accompliſhments, nature gave her moſt refined touches.

" At this very early period, ſhe experienced that

'all are born to trouble.' Sir Richard, unmindful of his duty to himſelf and his child, had formed an imprudent connexion with Mrs. M. who, without the allurements of youth, beauty, or underſtanding, had ſtill the fatal power to wind herſelf into his affections, and in a little time, to the diſgrace of himſelf, and the ſurpriſe of all, he led her to the altar. Every one pitied the lovely Louiſa, whoſe gentle mind ſhrunk at the idea of becoming ſubject to the caprice of a woman whoſe vulgarity had become proverbial, and whoſe heart poſſeſſed not a ſingle virtue.

"It was not long before Sir Richard experienced a ſevere puniſhment for his indiſcretion. Shunned, on his lady's account, by former acquaintance, he became dejected; his ſpirit had received a wound beyond the power of any balm to cure; he ſaw his child unhappy; he beheld his wife regardleſs of his reputation and his peace, revelling with her relations, and under his own roof waſting his property. Among theſe relations was her couſin, a Mr. Dennis, who, at the time of her marriage, followed the employment of a hair-dreſſer in Covent-Garden; ſince which, at the expence of Sir Richard, he had commenced gentleman.

"In the neighbourhood juſt mentioned, there are certain houſes whoſe doors are ever open to the idle,

the diſſolute, and the gay; where Licentiouſneſs and Riot hold their nightly reign, and where this unhappy man became a ſlave to Vice. It is in haunts like theſe, where Guilt is nurſed by Diſſipation and Wantonneſs, that render our public executions more and more frequent. Is it not therefore a melancholy conſideration, that, at a time when the public voice dwells on *Reformation*, thoſe whom it may concern do not firmly unite, and, conſiſtent with their duty and their ſtation, ſtrike at the root of an evil replete with ruin.

" Diſſipation and extravagance very ſoon made rapid inroads into the peace and fortune of Sir Richard. It was in vain for him to remonſtrate: Dennis was ſuffered to rule, whoſe diſpoſition, naturally turbulent, was continually breaking out, to the utter diſmay of this weak and imprudent gentleman: who having once given up his power, had not ſpirit ſufficient to reſume the government of a family, in which he was no longer conſidered as having any right to rule.

" It was now that he requeſted, or rather demanded of Sir Richard, permiſſion to addreſs Miſs Markham, to whom he had dared to look up. The knight approved not of a match ſo utterly unworthy of his child, but not venturing to make any objection, her delicacy was very ſoon ſhocked by pro-

ſeſſions of love from one ſhe had every reaſon to abhor. Rouſed by her injuries, the inſulted lady, with all the dignity of an offended ſuperior, ſummoned her reſolution, and thus addreſſed the man who had preſumed ſo groſsly to affront her.—" Conſideration for an unhappy and miſled father, forbids my taking that notice I otherwiſe ſhould of the many indignities I have endured; but leave me to reflection and tears.—My erring parent, I plainly perceive, is at length become but too ſenſible of what he has done, in throwing away his power and his peace.—The daring liberty you have this moment taken is but another ſtab to his wounded heart. How then can you imagine his injured daughter can endure the preſence of one whom ſhe muſt ere long conſider as acceſſary to the death of a parent? I charge you, therefore, leave me;—among your many darings, you have added that of aſpiring to my love; but, would to heaven there was not ſo ſtrong a cauſe for your being the abhorred object of my ſtedfaſt hate!"

" You may imagine it ſomewhat ſingular, Mr. Anſell, that I am able to give you the words of Miſs Markham, but your wonder will ſubſide when I inform you that I am honoured with the eſteem and confidence of Miſs Harley, from whom I became acquainted with every melancholy particular concerning her loſt and lamented friend.

" Thus repulſed, Dennis did not think it prudent to urge his ſuit any farther at that time; but knowing that ſhe poſſeſſed a large fortune in her own right, he was more than ever determined to leave nothing unattempted to gain the poſſeſſion of her wealth. In a few weeks, the fears of Miſs Markham, concerning her father, were completed, who could no longer bear his own reflections on the evil effects of his imprudent attachment to a woman who had behaved ſo improperly towards him. For ſome time before his death, he forbade her his preſence:—I, Sir, was a painful witneſs of his laſt hours, during which he ſent for his child, and with a look of pleading miſery, I can never forget, implored her pity on ſufferings which he confeſſed he had juſtly brought upon himſelf. 'All I dare aſk of thee, my injured child,' cried the poor gentleman, 'is, not to reproach the memory of thy father, who owning he has done amiſs, pays for his miſconduct with his life.' " I ſhall not dwell upon the agony of Miſs Markham during the affecting ſelf-reproaches of her expiring parent. She was dutiful and good, and you have a heart to conceive her diſtreſs. The fatal moment arrived—he breathed his laſt with her hand graſped in his, while bleſſing and bleſſed, the light of this world cloſed upon him for ever.

" The day following his deceaſe, Mr. Harley, a gentleman of very large fortune, and father to the

young lady before-mentioned, who well knew how truly diſtreſſing her ſituation had been during his life-time, generouſly ſtepped forward, and offered her his protection. Mrs. Harley joined him, and repreſented the abſolute neceſſity of immediately quitting a houſe where ſhe was ſurrounded with a hoſt of foes, with whom it was abſolutely unſafe for her to remain.

"Advice ſo reaſonable and friendly was at once accepted. Mr. Harley, as executor, adminiſtered to the effects of his departed friend, and was aſtoniſhed to find that, after his debts were diſcharged, a few hundreds only remained for the widow;—with theſe ſhe retired, filled with ſhame and diſgrace, to a diſtant relation in the country, where ſhe now remains.

"Mr. and Mrs. Harley were not only happy in a daughter, rich in every engaging and worthy quality, but they had a ſon likewiſe, whom they had ſent abroad to complete his education, and were, at this time, in daily expectation of his return. The attention of theſe dear friends towards the lovely orphan, whoſe happineſs was as their own, relieved, in a great meaſure, that grief, which otherwiſe, it is more than probable, ſhe would have been unable to ſtruggle with.

"Providence is very kind to its children in blunting the edge of calamity. The ſorrows of Louiſa became daily leſs and leſs, owing to the ſoothing kindneſs of this ſmall but happy family. With the amiable Miſs Harley ſhe had long ago commenced a tender friendſhip, founded on the durable baſis of virtue and correſponding ideas. In a few months after her father's death, George Harley returned from abroad. His enraptured parents thanked heaven on beholding him reſtored to their arms, not only adorned with grace, but virtue. His tutor, the Rev. Mr. M. my particular friend, gratified their fond, though juſt, partiality, with recounting many acts that had done honour to his charge during his abſence from them. In fact, George Harley returned not the child of faſhion, affectation, and extravagance, but the finiſhed gentleman, and the worthy character.

"At this period Louiſa had juſt attained her eighteenth year, and anſwered to every idea which can be formed of perfect beauty. Her affections had never been engaged; an object worthy of them now preſented itſelf: It is very natural, therefore, to ſuppoſe that young Harley's declarations of love were received with the attention they deſerved. It is needleſs to enlarge upon this part of my narrative. Some months paſſed on, which were filled up with

the united attention of the parents, the ſiſter, and the ſon, towards Miſs Markham.

" The young gentleman, with all the fervency of love and affection, entreated her to fix a day for their nuptials. To theſe entreaties Louiſa nobly replied, ' A trifling reſerve on my ſide towards you, Mr. Harley, would be the height of ingratitude—I am ſenſible of your generous love, and I confeſs that my heart ſhall never own another; but ſuffer me to dwell a little longer over the loſs I have ſuſtained—is there not a decent reſpect due to the memory of my unhappy father?"

" Sentiments like theſe, rendered Louiſa, if poſſible, ſtill more dear to the enamoured youth, who at once ſubmitted to her deſire, happy in her promiſe of one day becoming his.

" Nine mournful days are gone by ſince the devoted object of my relation was enjoying the calm breezes of a beautiful evening in a ſmall park belonging to her worthy guardian, and had wandered to its extremity, when opening a little gate that led into a lane, lined on both ſides with trees, the ſpreading branches of which formed an enticing ſhade—while the ſun, then ſetting with all its ſplendour, illumined the path with its rich departing beams; ſhe was tempted to walk on in expectation of meeting Miſs

Harley on her return from a cottager's widow, who having a ſick child for whom ſhe was unable to provide, her diſtreſſes had rendered her an object of that young lady's benevolence.

" Miſs Markham had not porceeded far before ſhe was alarmed with the ſudden appearance of Dennis, who leaped from the adjoining field, and preſented himſelf before her—Though her agitation was very great, yet, as he immediately and reſpectfully beſought pity and attention, declaring that he meant neither harm nor violence—her fears ſomewhat ſubſided, and ſhe judged it prudent to conceal her apprehenſions as much as poſſible, and inform him that if he would be brief in what he had to ſay, ſhe would attend; " Then I may yet hope;" he exclaims: " I ſee you pity, and I may yet hope;" as he ſpoke this with energy, Louiſa was greatly alarmed, yet, diſguiſing her fears, ſhe guardedly replied, " I ſee you look ill; if money can relieve and place you in a regular train of life, I will ſpeak to my dear friends at the houſe in your view, and I doubt not but among us we can place you above want.—It would make me happy to ſee you a contented and honeſt man—I will do all I can to render you the firſt, and I doubt not you have ever been the latter."—With a wildneſs that ſtill increaſed her apprehenſion he attended to what ſhe ſaid, and then inquired if that was all the comfort ſhe meant to beſtow. The affrighted

Louiſa replied, that to give him more was not in her power. " Not in your power!" he haſtily rejoined, " Then by all that's ſacred, you muſt, you ſhall be mine. The moment you give yourſelf to another—tremble for your ſafety!"

" At this inſtant, when her fortitude was nearly exhauſted—and ſhe felt herſelf ready to faint, who ſhould appear in ſight but young Mr. Harley, at whoſe welcome preſence her ſpirits returned, and ſhe haſtily requeſted of Dennis to leave her, or vengeance would follow his revived raſhneſs and preſumption. To this making no other return than that of " Tremble for your ſafety!"—he haſtily fled acroſs the field. Shocked at the repetition of a threat which conveyed terror to her mind, ſhe was juſt ſinking to the earth, when Mr. Harley ſeeing a man run from her, haſtily approached, and prevented her from falling. The idea of becoming her protector called forth a glow of joy into the face of the young gentleman.—The cauſe of Miſs Markham's perturbation had been explained only from appearances; Mr. Harley concluding the flying man to be one of thoſe who follow the " dreadful trade," of plunder; but this miſtake was ſoon unravelled, and they turned their ſteps towards the houſe. Arriving within the garden, Louiſa ſat down in an alcove, to recover her ſpirits,—it was there ſhe explained more fully the hiſtory of Dennis's courtſhip,

concluding with his threat, which ſhe owned, ſtill preſſed upon her mind.

The young gentleman on this confeſſion entreated her to conſider her own ſafety and his peace. "Adorable Miſs Markham!" he continued, "your ſituation demands a guardian; and who ſo fit for ſuch an envied appointment as the man you have honoured with your preference?—It is in your power immediately to inveſt me with it.—Nothing but the neceſſity of your compliance would have given me confidence to urge you thus.—O then, beloved and ever dear object of my fond, fond heart, do not heſitate, but let to-morrow's dawn behold me your huſband, and your protector."

"Louiſa ſaw into the noble motive, and, with a frankneſs worthy of herſelf, yielded to the ſolicitation of real love and generous affection.

"That evening, Mr. Anſell, I was a viſitor at Mr. Harley's—I ſaw the worthy pair enter the parlour, and my imagination pictured a boding melancholy in the expreſſive, yet downcaſt looks of the ill-fated Louiſa.—The young gentleman informed his parents and ſiſter, who had been returned ſome time, of the providential eſcape of his beloved, whom they all tenderly embraced with bleſſings and thanks. The old gentleman and lady

called her their own child, while Miſs Harley, claſping her to her boſom, exclaimed, 'my ſiſter, and my friend!' Young Mr. Harley now made a ſign for me to follow him into another room; where he unburthened his heart, and I found that a drawback of a very ſerious kind impoveriſhed all his joys, and filled his boſom with diſtreſs and apprehenſion. He informed me that he had been too deeply concerned in every thing that related to Miſs Markham, not to become poſſeſſed of every particular concerning the ignominious family her unhappy parent had married into.—'Imagine my feelings, therefore, Mr. Jennings,' continued the ingenuous youth, 'when I received intelligence that Dennis, finding, on Sir Richard's death, there was nothing to divide, that the widow was obliged to content herſelf with the wreck of his property, that my father was ſufficiently empowered to ſecure the fortune of my charming girl to herſelf, and ſnatch her from violence and injuſtice, became deſperate. This man had been drawn from obſcurity, and raiſed to affluence: from a low ſituation to the externals of a gentleman. Therefore, finding himſelf no longer able to ſupport appearances, he determined to try his ſucceſs at the gaming table, and, thus reſolved, formed connexions with thoſe who prey upon the credulity of the weak and the wicked, who hazard their property among unprincipled ſharpers, to the utter ruin of their families and themſelves. Succeſs, for

a time, attended his guilty endeavours, at length failing in what is termed a point of honour towards one of his wretched companions, owing to his meeting with an antagoniſt at play whoſe ſuperior ſkill had ſtripped him of his ill got gains, he was expelled the ſociety.

"This mortification was ſucceeded by a ſevere fit of illneſs, when a perſon who had formerly been his neighbour, took pity on his ſituation, and procured his admiſſion into an hoſpital.—The complaint was a fever in the brain. In a few weeks, however, he was deemed well enough to be diſmiſſed, though not cured;—when his friend again took him in, and would have procured him a place in his former calling.—But too long uſed to idleneſs and diſſipation, he ſpurned at the idea; in ſhort, not to dwell on ſo painful a ſubject, this miſerable wretch has ſince tired out his friends with repeated extravagancies, and I have lately heard that his intellects are entirely overthrown. Such is the hiſtory of a man who now roams at large at a time when he ought to be properly confined; judge therefore of my diſtreſs on the occurrence of this evening—be it our concern, my dear Mr. Jennings, to prevent future conſequences, by finding out the cauſe of her fears and mine, and place him where he may remain harmleſs to himſelf and others. We will now, my good Sir, return to the company, leſt our abſence

ſhould be noticed.—Be it my care to ſooth the apprehenſions of my angel:—Alas! little does ſhe imagine that I partake ſo largely of them.'

"To be brief, for the terror of what remains will not bear dwelling on, the ſucceeding day opened with the ringing of bells, and the whole village was in a ſtate of tranſport. By ten in the morning the bride and bridegroom were in readineſs, and at that hour twenty maidens, attendant on the former, were ready to accompany her to the church, arrayed in robes of white muſlin ſtriped with flowers.

"Oh, Mr. Anſell, does not your trembling heart anticipate the remainder of my ſad relation? Does not your imagination preſent to your view the lovely victim, unſuſpecting as innocent, followed by the virgin train, to the altar; where ſhe was doomed to fall a ſacrifice to the baſe aſſaſſin there lurking in diſguiſe, like Satan in Paradiſe, intent to murder happineſs, and overwhelm himſelf and others in horror and deſpair!

"Early on that morning, I was called upon to attend the laſt hours of a lady, whoſe houſe was about two miles diſtant from my own dwelling. I found her at the point of death; and ſoon after my arrival, ſhe was calmly diſmiſſed from a world of care and ſorrow.—Impreſſed with a pleaſing melancholy, I

haſtened back to experience, as I fondly imagined, a far different ſcene.

I had juſt entered the church-yard, where ſuch of the villagers who could not gain admittance, were waiting to ſee the bride and bridegroom as they came out.—Happineſs ſmiled on the faces of the young and old, and I felt my own heart elated from the general joy I beheld around me:—Advancing to the porch, imagine my diſmay, on hearing a general, dreadful, and continued ſcream from within the building! The crowd ruſhed out and pierced the air with the bittereſt cries of anguiſh and diſtreſs! In vain I inquired the cauſe: no one anſwered,—but, alas, the diſmal truth too ſoon unfolded itſelf. For now, young Mr. Harley appeared in a ſtate of terrible diſtraction. He had torn off the graceful ringlets from one ſide of his head!—and though held by his father and my reverend friend, who had accompanied him in his travels, and had been employed in the ceremony, yet he was too powerful for their united ſtrength; two of his own footmen therefore came to their aſſiſtance, who, with ſtreaming eyes, begged pardon of their dear young maſter, while they were binding down his arms to prevent his committing further violence on himſelf.—Still all was wrapt in dreadful myſtery! Tears and groans only echoed to my inquiries; when, and do I live to tell it? a dreadful but ſilent reply preſented itſelf!

The cauſe, the lamented cauſe appeared: Louiſa, the bleeding victim of that fatal day, preſented her murdered form! The aſſaſſin's knife had done its buſineſs. The crimſon ſtream flowed from her lovely neck: there the murderer had fixed his aim, and ſhe was gone beyond the power of recal. And now the ſcene of horror was completed in the perſon of the murderer himſelf! and that murderer *Dennis*! who, in the diſguiſe of a peaſant, had, unobſerved, placed himſelf near the altar, from whence the wedded pair were juſt departing, when, with too ſure an aim, he ſtabbed her in the neck with a penknife. The wretch attempted not to fly, but with an eye of ſcowling frenzy ſurveyed, with a gloomy ſatisfaction, the ſurrounding terrors, ſtill holding the crimſoned weapon in his hand; while ſuch was the ſtupefaction of the moment, that no one attempted to ſecure him.—I was the firſt viſited by recollection, and with an energy and rage, for which I truſt heaven will forgive me, I ſeized the villain, and loſing ſight of my ſacred character and my duty, imprecated curſes on his head, forgetting at the moment that my God hath ſaid "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

"Louiſa's breathleſs corſe, arrayed in wedding garments, was conveyed back to Mr, Harley's, followed by the weeping virgins. The unhappy father was obliged to deliver up his ſon to the care

of thoſe who were beſt able to attend the diſtracted; while Dennis was conveyed to a magiſtrate, before whom he refuſed to utter a ſyllable; he was therefore ordered to priſon, where he now waits his trial; and it is generally imagined his puniſhment will be confinement for life."

The mournful relation ended, Mr. Anſell thanked his venerable hiſtorian; and after diſcourſing for ſome time on the ſorrows of the family, and the virtues of the deceaſed, the two gentlemen parted, with a promiſe of meeting the next morning, in order together, not only to attend, but aſſiſt at the funeral of the dear departed—" You, my worthy Sir," ſaid Mr. Anſell, " as her father, for you loved her as a child, and I as a brother, for I look upon you with reverence, as you give me back a ſtrong reſemblance of the parent I have loſt; let me ſupply the place of your unfortunate Harley, and if his reaſon returns, he ſhall be as my brother, and we will be both your children." This addreſs was too much for Mr. Jennings to reply to.—He anſwered it in tears, and preſſed the deſerving youth to his aged boſom.

The morning aroſe—but no ſun appeared to cheer it, until about eleven o'clock, the time fixed on for the affecting ſolemnity, when, with faint gleamings, it ſwept the ſurface of the graſs, and

gave a melancholy gloom to the face of nature. The air was ſtill—the proceſſion moved ſlowly on, and entering the church—Mr. Anſell's feelings were heightened, by the delicate and refined attention of ſeveral blooming children, who, decently arrayed, bore on their little arms ſmall wicker baſkets which were filled with lilies; theſe they ſtrewed before the corſe, as the mourners conveyed it round the ſide aiſles: and when the coffin reſted, they placed upon it three bunches of that emblematic flower. —Go ye, who boaſt the advantages of birth and education, affecting what ye ſeldom feel, and improve upon theſe untaught children of Nature if ye can!

The ſolemn rites completed, Mr. Jennings and Mr. Anſell returned to the houſe of the former; from whence Mr. Anſell immediately proceeded towards London: where, completing his buſineſs, he returned to his native manſion.

In a ſhort time he prevailed upon his reverend friend to quit his little dwelling, and take up his reſidence at Anſell Park-houſe. There he experienced every care and attention.—There he found all his wiſhes anticipated.—Mr. Anſell knew his worth, and felt a ſatisfaction in "rocking the cradle of declining age."

The poor old woman, whoſe wailings over Louiſa's grave had attracted his pity and attention, and who had once known happier days, now formed a part of his family in the character of houſekeeper; in which office ſhe acquitted herſelf to the ſatisfaction of her employer, and enjoyed the good will of all his domeſtics. The objects of Louiſa's bounty became likewiſe penſioners to this good young man. It now remained for him to complete his own felicity, for which he had ſo happily prepared the way. In effecting this, he looked up to his honoured guide and preceptor, whom he thus addreſſed on the occaſion. "Happy in myſelf, my reverend ſir, and happy in all around me, I bleſs heaven for its mercies, who has left me but one wiſh more on this ſide the grave. You well remember the melancholy day on which your poor Louiſa received the laſt attention of her ſorrowing friends:—Our lamented Harley is at reſt and happy.—Through your means, I have been gratified with the friendſhip of that worthy family:—Miſs Harley, Sir, whom you call your daughter, has long poſſeſſed the affection of my heart;—if therefore you will undertake to plead my cauſe, my felicity will be crowned, as I am perſuaded ſhe will liſten to you; and I flatter myſelf her heart is not engaged."—To this ardent addreſs, Mr. Jennings ſmiling, replied, "Do not miſtake my ſon:—Miſs Harley's heart is engaged: but take comfort: to yourſelf that heart is inclined;

Heaven has formed you for each other; and there the union has long been made."—

Reader! the parents of Miſs Harley were applied to, who received Mr. Anſell's propoſals with tranſport. The worthy pair were ſoon made happy in each other, and lived many years a bleſſing to themſelves and all dependant on them.

Dennis, while in priſon, procured poiſon, and finiſhed his own exiſtence. The widow of Sir Richard Markham ſoon run out the ſmall ſum bequeathed her; living without a virtue to adorn her life—and dying without a tear to embalm her memory.

HENRY RANDOLPH;

OR

THE BRITISH SEAMAN.

IN his third ſummer, Henry Randolph was left an orphan. His uncle, to whoſe charge he had been conſigned, poſſeſſed a mind ſuited to his calling: a calling he diſgraced not, by attending to the dictates of juſtice or humanity, which he conſidered as having

no right to ſtigmatize the practice of thoſe, whoſe manſions diſplay to the tearful eye of miſery and want, the *honourable* badge of THE THREE BLUE BALLS.

At the age of fourteen, Henry was placed behind the counter; where, with a diſpoſition which bore not the ſmalleſt affinity to that of his employer, his feelings were outraged every hour; and as he was a ſtranger to artifice, thoſe feelings were ſure to call forth the reſentment of his uncle.

One day in particular, a poor woman entered the ſhop, with a thread-bare coat, the only one belonging to a diſtreſſed huſband, at that time afflicted with a fever, and requeſted a trifle on it to purchaſe ſomething that had been ordered to relieve his complaint. The youth, ſhocked on the petition being refuſed, ſtole round to the door, and as the poor creature came to it, put a ſhilling into her hand, which was all the pocket-money he had; promiſing at the ſame time to devote his allowance from his uncle to the relief of the unfortunate man, till releaſed from the preſſure of ſickneſs. The fervent "Heaven bleſs your goodneſs!" reached the ear of his relation, who, in terms of the utmoſt ſeverity, reproached the humane Henry, and informed him that from that moment his door ſhould be ſhut againſt an undutiful boy, who had dared to act againſt the inclination

of thoſe who had kept him from beggary. Thus diſmiſſed by his unfeeling kinſman, who had been a conſiderable gainer by the death of his brother, Henry, with no earthly tie to prevent him, formed a reſolve of throwing himſelf upon the chance of war. A ſolitary guinea was all that his unprincipled uncle gave him on his departure, the poor woman was nevertheleſs remembered, to whom he directly haſtened, and to whoſe diſtreſſes he beſtowed a part of the little in his poſſeſſion.

At this time Randolph had reached his eighteenth year. Embarked in a glorious cauſe, and poſſeſſed of that firmneſs of mind, which bids defiance to danger, he looked forward to the hour of engagement; and anticipated the glory of victory.—Poor youth, unaware that thoſe unbleſſed with rank or fortune, muſt never expect to become famous for their valour, or to be rewarded according to their merit. But fatal experience at length brought home to his diſappointed breaſt the fallacy of building on bravery or worth. He fought—he conquered—and well merited the name of a brave Britiſh ſeaman—yet, notwithſtanding the wound of honour, and the claims of dangerous ſervices from a nation who owed him much, at the concluſion of the war he had the mortification of finding himſelf diſcharged—neglected, moneyleſs, and friendleſs! His uncle, during his abſence, had paid the debt of nature.—The old man

had been detected in diſhoneſt practices, the conſequence proved his utter ruin: and he died of a broken heart in the workhouſe of the pariſh to which he belonged. Previous to his departure from the Britiſh ſhores, Henry cheriſhed an affection for the blooming Nancy Abbot, who being likewiſe left an orphan, while but a child, the neighbours of her departed parents, who had lived with credit, though unbleſſed with fortune, took pity on her helpleſs innocence, and raiſed a ſubſcription among themſelves to procure her board, cloathing, and education.—Their benevolence was not extended to the unworthy, the little Nancy, virtuous, amiable and thankful, proved the delight and pride of her friends, who, at length, aſſiſted her in eſtabliſhing a day-ſchool, for which, from her good qualities and excellent underſtanding, ſhe was ſo well ſuited.

Unlike the world, ever prone to ſhrink from the unfortunate, the Henry of Nancy Abbot returned to enrapture a heart, a ſtranger to falſe refinement, and too honeſt to diſguiſe its feelings.

The perſuaſions of the man ſhe loved to unite their fortunes, were not long reſiſted; and they very ſoon confirmed at the ſacred altar thoſe vows, which no doubt heaven had ſmiled upon, and virtue had approved.

Henry, poſſeſſed of ſtrong natural parts, aſſiſted by a common education, and bearing a mind fraught with principles which revolted at the idea of idleneſs, and too independant to think of ſubſiſting, even by the means of the deareſt object of his affection, and partner of his future days, while health and means of application for employment were not withheld; ſoon procured to himſelf an engagement as a porter in the warehouſe of a wealthy trader in the city; who, pleaſed with the fidelity of his domeſtic, very ſoon procured another under him, by which means his ſituation became eaſy and profitable.

About a twelvemonth after their marriage, the amiable Nancy preſented to the arms of her Henry a ſmiling cherub! To viſit the mother and the little ſtranger became the firſt attention of the fond father on his return from his daily employment—enraptured would he hang over the pillow which gave reſt to its lovely cheek, and trace in his ſleeping babe the features of his beloved; then, with claſped hands and eyes raiſed to heaven, while the full tide of gratitude overwhelmed his heart, would he look up with thankfulneſs to that Power, who had thus enriched him. Oh! theſe are joys, known only to the huſband, the parent, and the man! The white hours of domeſtic peace and innocence, beſtow a felicity unknown to the golden ones of wealth and pomp—The raptures of a little family, ariſing from

a ſurety of reciprocal affections, are more to be prized than all the pleaſures of the diſſipated great; procured from opera ſounds, maſquerade extravagances, ſcenic mummery at their own ſplendid manſions, and other expedients equally light, vain, and contemptible.

Frequently would Henry claſp his infant daughter to his arms, and often would he ſupplicate heaven to pour down its bleſſings on her head, while his amiable partner united with him in the act of petition, thankfulneſs, and praiſe.

Thus comforted with mutual felicity, year after year paſſed on in a ſeries of calm and uninterrupted content; while their Harriet grew up the darling of her parents, and the admiration of their friends, until her thirteenth year cloſed upon that happineſs which was fated never to return! Farewel now to innocence and tranquillity! The cup of woe was preparing and they were condemned to ſwallow the draught of bitterneſs.

It had been a cuſtom with Randolph to celebrate the anniverſary of the acceſſion of his gracious Monarch to the throne of Great-Britain. The *laſt* he had to obſerve arriving, this happy family were innocently engaged among themſelves. Harriet had been indulged with the company of a neighbour's daughter, about her

own age—and the two young folks were taken up in thoſe little amuſements which enliven the ſportive and bliſsful hours of health and youth, when a loud rap at the door made them ſtart from their ſeats, and an immediate repetition arouſed their apprehenſion, which Henry perceiving, he told them to fear no harm, as heaven would guard the innocent; and inſtantly repaired to learn the cauſe of ſo rude an alarm.

Picture, ye who can picture, diſtreſs and agony, at that ſad moment when miſery mocks the powers of deſcription, the feelings of Randolph, when, on opening the door, he found himſelf ſurrounded by a preſs gang! Inſtantly they ſeized upon their defenceleſs prey, and, notwithſtanding the piercing cries of his wife, the little Harriet and her companion, hurried him away from a home of peace and comfort, which no ſelf-reproaches had ever embittered. In vain did he entreat for a little time to reconcile his Nancy to the bitterneſs of her fate; ſtrangers to humanity, and authoriſed by the cruel cuſtom of their country, it did not belong to the horrid buſineſs of theſe protected plunderers to attend to the wailings of the wife and child. The huſband, the father, had become theirs, and no other idea than that of inſtantly conveying him away employed their thoughts.

Denied the mournful privilege of even a parting

embrace, Henry could only look back on the convulſions of his wife, and hear the ſcreams of his child —without the power of aſſiſting the one, or comforting the other. He was ſoon hurried to the tender, in the unwholeſome confines of which he remained till the veſſel dropped down to the Nore, where this miſerable wretch was put on board a man of war, which had received ſailing orders, and immediately departed on its deſtined expedition.

The afflictions of Henry were ſtill farther imbittered by the cruel treatment he experienced from his commander, who, wanting a mind to diſcriminate between ſorrow and ſullenneſs, was continually charging him with neglect and inattention. The afflictions of the ſoul had ſo weakened his conſtitution, as to render him unable for a time to attend to the impoſed duties of his miſerable ſtation; a little indulgence was therefore requeſted, till he ſhould be recovered from an illneſs that at that time endangered an exiſtence, which it was his duty, notwithſtanding his ſufferings, to endeavour to preſerve; intelligence of his incapacity was therefore conveyed to his captain, who—to the diſgrace of manhood—after ſeverely accuſing him of idleneſs and artifice. commanded puniſhment as a cure for an emaciated frame, and an almoſt breaking heart. Pauſe, ye who have ſhed your tears for the fate of the enſlaved African, and drop one here for Henry.

Slavery, with all its ſuppoſed and real ills, may truly be deemed "ſunſhine to the colour of *his* fate!"

The cruel orders of his commander were inſtantly obeyed, and the diſgrace of public diſcipline bore hard upon the ſpirit of Randolph; and hard it ever muſt bear on the ſpirits of thoſe who are thus made *ſlaves*, in order that they may fight for *Britiſh freedom*.

And now the fatal moment arrived, when the rectitude of his mind began to waver:—diſgrace unmerited, had affected more than miſery: the ſtandard of honour had been ſhaken—and, but for this laſt diſgrace, he had prepared his mind to meet his country's foe as a Briton ought, notwithſtanding his private griefs, which he had hoped to medicine by valour, victory, and reward.

The expectation of a Chriſtian and a man had juſt began to cheer his boſom; he truſted Providence would protect his Nancy, and his Harriet, till it ſhould again reſtore him to their embraces. Dawnings of comfort, how were ye overcaſt! Bloſſoms of hope, how were ye blaſted; On the ſeas of Britannia, the throne of ſlavery was eſtabliſhed—and her own ſons cruſhed by the cruelty of unfeeling power.

The firſt departure from that irreproachable con-

duct he had preſerved through life did not fail to affect him much on recollection.—In the bitterneſs of his grief he had accuſed heaven with injuſtice—while the profligacy of thoſe around him had poiſoned his principles—One of his ſhipmates had found out a way to purloin liquor from the purſer's ſtores, and had made Randolph acquainted with his ſcheme; adviſing him at the ſame time to follow the example. At firſt the unhappy Randolph ſtarted at the idea of theft; but, when its criminality was ſoftened down by the ſophiſtry of falſe argument, he liſtened and became guilty!

It was not long before his practices were diſcovered; and he was condemned to be handcuffed, and chained by the leg on the forecaſtle, where he was kept on ſhort allowance. The petrifying powers of accumulated diſgrace at length hardened his heart againſt the ſenſe of ſhame. It had been rendered hopeleſs by the cruelties of his countrymen; and he ſoon became reconciled to the Hebrew mode of requiting evil with evil. In a ſhort time a demand was made on his courage by the hour of action and of danger: giving therefore one ſigh to the remembrance of thoſe of innocence and peace, he ruſhed forward on the deck, but not to his death; his trials were not yet over, and the ſeverity of his deſtiny was as yet unfulfilled! Victory fell to the lot of the enemy, and Randolph was conveyed with others

who ſurvived the deſperate action, with numbers three times ſuperior to their own, to a loathſome priſon, where they remained till the concluſion of the war. Then they were releaſed; but their enlargement procured them only an exchange of miſery. They were obliged to apply to a magiſtrate for certificates; with which, unhouſed, unfriended, it was theirs to "beg bitter bread through realms their valour had contributed to ſave."

Randolph, once more on his native ſhore, applied to his captain for a certificate of his ſervices, who readily recognized him and it was granted; he therefore made application to the proper office at the Navy, to receive his wages:—upon which the clerk turning over his books, informed him that his wages had been already paid to a perſon who produced what now appeared to be a forged will and power: of courſe he muſt remain with his claims unſatisfied, until he could take the proper ſteps for obtaining redreſs. This ſtroke, heavy as it fell, did not however entirely overcome him. Emaciated with want, anxiety, and fatigue, but more by thoſe miſgivings of the mind, reſpecting the fate of thoſe he loved, and from whom he had been ſo long ſeparated, he proceeded, a poor forlorn beggar, with trembling ſteps, towards that manſion where he had left his wife and child. Unhappy man! he knocked at the door, but ſtrangers opened it! Mrs. Nevill, the

perſon who then kept the ſchool, informed him that all the neighbourhood had kindly adminiſtered to Mrs. Randolph's relief, but her afflictions becoming too powerful for her mind, in the courſe of a few months, bereft of reaſon, ſhe gave up that being whoſe exiſtence had been thus imbittered by the cruelties of war, falling a martyr to enormities which the very laws of her own nation conſider as ſuch.

The ſpirit-broken Randolph, after a heart-felt groan for the death of his wife, ventured to inquire after his child, his Harriet! "Name her not!" replied Mrs. Nevill, "ſhe was a bad girl, and unworthy your attention."—"Oh!" continued Henry, "Do not rack me thus! ſay ſhe is dead, and I will ſtrive to bear the dreadful intelligence!—But pity, O pity my poor brain! my loſt wife was virtuous and good; O ſay not her child has been otherwiſe."

Mrs. Nevill, who was an advocate for juſtice without mercy, perceiving the ſtate of his mind, with a look of great ſagacity obſerved, that it was needleſs to mince the matter; that every good parent was not bleſſed with good children; and that it was partly owing to ſparing the rod while they were young. "A lady at Richmond," continued this prudent teacher, "took your daughter as a companion, and fooliſhly indulged her love for muſic and reading. The conſequence was, that in the

courſe of a few months, Harriet thought fit to run away from her protector, who has never heard of her ſince. You know your daughter appeared ſome years older than ſhe really was: it is no doubt her beauty attracted regard: ſeveral gay young fellows viſited at the houſe, and it may naturally be ſuppoſed the villain was among them who lured her from ſuch a heedleſs and improper guardian." Randolph could hear no more; he ſtamped on the ground, and beat his aching forehead.—At length, after a pauſe, he looked on his intelligencer, perceived her ſpirit, and left her.

He immediately repaired to Richmond; but there his griefs were rendered ſtill more poignant.—Arriving at the manſion belonging to the former protector of his ruined and loſt child, the ſervant took in his name, but quickly returned, with orders for him to depart inſtantly from the door, as his lady had nothing to ſay to him. Alas, hapleſs parent! thou wert deſtitute of money, and no doubt the unfeeling domeſtic had given his own account of thy miſerable appearance, picturing thy countenance, rendered pale and ſqualid, from an almoſt breaking heart, as that of a wretch deeply died in the myſteries of villany. Thus repulſed, comfortleſs, a ſtranger in a wide world, without a ſingle hope to conſole him, he determined to apply to his former maſter for ſome relief to his ſufferings.

But even this hope was fruſtrated. Diſappointments in payments from abroad, aggravated by many ſevere loſſes at home, having created much uneaſineſs in the mind of Mr. Cartwright, he had given up all his connexions, and retired into a remote part of Wales.

Deſtitute of the means to procure a change in his appearance, which beſpoke the extreme of wretchedneſs, excluded every hope of getting employment, nothing was left for the miſerable Randolph but beggary! For ſome days he placed himſelf in different parts of London: but the aid of paſſengers was very ſmall. He determined, therefore to ſee if he could experience more humanity without the town than he had found within it, and had wandered on as far as Hampſtead. It was the cloſe of autumn; night made its ſwift approaches, accompanied with rain and a chilling wind. He had gained the heath, where he was ſuffering cold, hunger, and fatigue. In this evil moment of want and deſperation, he heard the ſound of a carriage upon the road, and approached the perſon who was placed within it, in order to ſupplicate relief; but ſeeing only a lady, he reſolved to change his ſupplication into a demand, which procured him a few guineas, and the offer of a watch, but that he refuſed, and told the driver, who was but a lad, to proceed. He then quitted the road, and ſpeedily found himſelf

purſued by two horſemen. Finding ſwiftneſs and reſiſtance of no avail, he ſurrendered himſelf. The lady proved to be a woman of faſhion, who was coming to town for the winter ſeaſon; her ſervants, at the moment of the robbery, happened to be too far behind to prevent it, but in a few minutes they came up, when they were informed of the circumſtance; on which two of them, following the directions of the poſtboy, who had marked Randolph's courſe, rode off, and took him as related. It would prove a painful and unpleaſing taſk to dwell on this part of Randolph's mournful hiſtory. It is ſufficient to inform the reader, that he underwent impriſonment, and a trial which doomed him to an ignominious death. Circumſtances, however, having been repreſented as favourable as poſſible, and this being his firſt offence, he was recommended to mercy, and obtained the king's free pardon. On his enlargement he found his miſeries as great as ever, and knew not where to turn for the ſupport of life: when happening to meet a fellow ſhipmate, who was at that time in good circumſtances, owing to the death of an uncle, who had left him a farm in the country, the generous tar heard with candour the relation of Randolph's ſufferings, pitied his ſorrows, and pardoned his guilt. Mr. Wilkins was then going down to his farm, about two hundred miles off; and told Randolph, that if he choſe to exchange want for plenty, and approved of a remo-

val from a ſpot he had ſo little cauſe to be attached to, there was a houſe at his ſervice, where he might, if he pleaſed, ſpend the remainder of his days. "Come, my boy!" continued Wilkins, "you were young when I firſt knew you, but I liked your ſpirit. I have ploughed the ſea, and am now going to plough the land. Thank heaven, I am not a novice as to the management of a farm, having ſpent the firſt fifteen years of my life with this very kinſman, who, bleſs his ſoul! has been ſo good to me, and had never left him, had not I, like an ungrateful young dog, quarrelled with my bread and butter: but no matter, I have bit of the bridle, and after all, have met with goodneſs when I had no right to expect it. This experience has given me a heart to feel for a fellow-creature, much more for a fellow ſufferer, and old ſhipmate."

Thus providentially preſerved from threatening evils, Randolph, with grateful ſenſations, embraced the offer of his friend. They departed from London in a few days, but not before Randolph found himſelf cloathed, and in poſſeſſion of money. Wilkins was not very rich in that quality which the world is fond of diſtinguiſhing under the term *refinement*: he had not a tear to fall for every trifle; but he poſſeſſed a heart ready to burſt on the relation of human miſery—a heart which prompted him to relieve with delicacy, and wherever his obligations

ſell, to let them fall as light as poſſible on thoſe who experienced his bounty.

The two friends ſoon arrived at the humble though neat manſion of rural felicity and domeſtic peace. The daughter of Wilkins ran to embrace her parent; ſhe was a blooming girl, and her countenance was that of innocence. Randolph looked upon her, and at the happy father, by turns; and then, with a deep ſigh, fell ſenſeleſs to the ground! Nature, who had formed the heart of Wilkins, was his only prompter on this melancholy occaſion; he ſent his daughter away, and ſuffered not his wife to adminiſter. In a little time Randolph recovered, and, claſping his hands, exclaimed, "O, my loſt Harriet!" Then turning to Wilkins, he continued, "Pardon the unhappy man who dares to envy his benefactor; but I will yet look up: I once, my friend, was bleſſed with a daughter lovely as your own; I have been led by miſery into guilt, but live to own the mercies of a protecting God! My poor child too has erred; but that Being, who permitted her to behold a wretched father torn from her infant arms, and a deſpairing mother expire in madneſs, has, no doubt, taken their wretched offſpring to himſelf." Wilkins, in return to this affecting addreſs, looked far more than he could utter. At length, clapping his gueſt gently on the ſhoulder, he exclaimed, "Poor fellow! in this harbour reſt

ſecure. The blaſts of misfortune have borne hard upon thee; but now the ſtorm is over, then do not let thy ſpirits be caſt down: I am a rough ſeaman, my actions muſt comfort thee more than my words, there I fall ſhort. But come, let me lead thee to my good dame, and perhaps her converſation will cheer thee: a good heart like her's will ever be a glad one: ſhe has taught me to honour religion: and but for her, I ſhould never have been what I am, nor ever have known the happineſs I have felt in performing my duty as a Chriſtian.

Randolph experienced in the ſociety of Mrs. Wilkins the truth of the above obſervation; her manners were mild, and her heart was guided by the pure precepts contained in that volume, which adminiſters comfort to all who ſeriouſly turn to its ſacred pages.

From the ſame ſource Randolph procured balm for his diſtempered mind, and deeply felt how much he was indebted to a preſerving Providence.

Two years had elapſed, when Wilkins having ſome buſineſs to tranſact, which would keep him from his family about a week, at the diſtance of near fifty miles from their dwelling, he propoſed for his friend to bear him company, in hopes that change of air might remove a ſevere indiſpoſition

under which Randolph had laboured for ſome months, and which threatened a decline.

The offer was accepted, and they ſet off on their journey; but when they were within five miles of the place they were going to, a ſudden and violent illneſs obliged Randolph to ſtop at an inn on the road; and, finding himſelf unable to proceed, he deſired to be left there until Wilkins ſhould return.

As the buſineſs which had cauſed the journey was urgent, Wilkins left, though unwillingly, his ſick companion, with a ſtrict charge to the maſter of the inn to procure every aſſiſtance his malady required.

Randolph was immediately put to bed, and no attention was ſpared on the part of the people of the houſe. A medicine, which had been ordered on his going to reſt, performed its part ſo happily, as to enable him to riſe the next day. Towards the evening, which was remarkably fine, he imagined himſelf ſo far recovered as to be able to walk out.

He proceeded about a mile; a beautiful ſetting ſun enriched the appearance of every ſurrounding object, and tempted him to extend his walk ſtill farther, when he was ſeized with a ſudden delirium, and ſunk to the ground. Fortunately, two ſervants,

belonging to Lady Middleton, whoſe ſeat was ſituated near the ſpot, were at that moment paſſing by, and haſtened to his aſſiſtance; but poor Randolph was unable to anſwer the inquiries they made: on which, with great humanity, they bore the unhappy man between them to her ladyſhip's manſion, where every aid his ſituation required was extended towards him.

Recovering by degrees, he looked around him; then fixing his eyes on Dr. Spencer, her Ladyſhip's phyſician, "Tell me, worthy Sir," ſaid Randolph, "to whom I am indebted for this preſervation of a life which has been marked by varied miſery?" Dr. Spencer replied, "It is enough, my good ſir, to know that you are among friends. Lady Middleton, who owns this ſeat, is at this time engaged with her attorney on ſome buſineſs of conſequence, reſpecting the affairs of the late Sir Charles.—A few months ago, all was happineſs and ſerenity in this now mournful manſion; but death has robbed it of its maſter, and heaven knows how much, and with what reaſon, all within it have mourned their irreparable loſs! But more of this in the morning, when I hope to find you able to converſe with me. I am a man, Sir, who have had my misfortunes, which have led me ſtrongly to feel for human afflictions." Upon which he withdrew; and Randolph, laying his head upon the pillow, fell into a gentle ſlumber.

The next morning Dr. Spencer re-viſited his patient, and found him perfectly ſenſible, though extremely low. The good old man ſeating himſelf by the bedſide, after feeling the pulſe of Randolph, thus ſeriouſly addreſſed him: "Tell me, my dear friend, if you are connected with any one whom you are anxious to ſee. Do not be alarmed, but your illneſs is of ſuch a nature as to mix along with my hopes a degree of doubt; therefore, ill could I anſwer it to my conſcience, were I to ſay there is no occaſion to provide for the worſt that may happen." Randolph, claſping Dr. Spencer's hand, exclaimed with great energy, "Bleſſed intelligence! O Sir, I have had my connexions, from whom being rudely torn, miſery and want have made me guilty of crimes, The former are gone where I truſt I ſhall meet them; and the latter, through the atonement which I have flown to, I am ſure are forgiven."

He then went through the whole of his unhappy hiſtory, which was heard by the perſon to whom it was told with candour and humanity. Dr. Spencer then prevailed on Randolph to be as calm as poſſible, and undertook to inform the family of Wilkins of every circumſtance neceſſary for them to know, and likewiſe to leave a letter for him on his return to the inn where he had left his friend.

Dr. Spencer immediately waited on Lady Middle-

ton, with intelligence of every thing that had been done: but when he came to Randolph's eventful ſtory, his hearer gave a long convulſive ſcream, and dropped ſenſeleſs from her chair. Dr. Spencer had the preſence of mind not to alarm the family, and in a little time her ladyſhip revived; when caſting her eyes wildly around the room, ſhe exclaimed, "where is he, where is my father!" "Your father!" rejoined Dr. Spencer; "Yes, my father! reply not, but bear me to him."

Dr. Spencer was ſcarcely able to ſupport the petrifying effects of this diſcovery: at length, advancing to Lady Middleton with a collected look, he thus addreſſed her: "Madam, permit an old man to adviſe you how to act on an occaſion which requires the exertion of all your reſolution: if you mean to ſave your parent, you *muſt* reſtrain your impatience. Pardon me, madam, for this boldneſs; and let my age, and my affection for you and yours, cover me from your reſentment. I will go inſtantly to your reſtored parent, if ſuch he is, and prepare his mind to receive you." Without waiting a reply, he returned to his patient's chamber, requeſted his attention, and thus addreſſed him: "Your deſtiny, Mr. Randolph, has been indeed ſevere; but, notwithſtanding the heavy evils you have endured, reflection on the paſt muſt bring back to your mind certain bleſſings, the recollection of which, no doubt,

fill your heart with thankfulneſs, for have you not been an object of heaven's peculiar mercy? and that mercy, my dear friend, is not yet exhauſted. It is in my power, through the means of a myſterious providence, to comfort you even beyond your hopes: receive then my intelligence with calmneſs and thankfulneſs. You have a good and innocent child yet living; and who, in a little time, can be brought hither to receive her father's bleſſing." The venerable Spencer waited for Randolph's reply, who, claſping his hands together, held them up for a time, in ſilent adoration; he then turned to his worthy friend, ſaying, "The heart which ought to bound with ecſtaſy is now broken: I am ſenſible that I have not many hours to live; but, that heaven ſhould ſweeten thoſe hours with ſuch an earneſt of future bliſs, exceeds all human comprehenſion."

Doctor Spencer, though much afflicted in knowing himſelf that Randolph's laſt hour was ſwiftly coming on, yet repreſſed his emotions, went to the apartment of Lady Middleton, and, approaching her with a tender reſpect, ſaid, "Your parent is now prepared to ſee you; but do not be alarmed at beholding him pale and very low: it is the duty of good hearts like yours to bear with ſubmiſſion the decrees of Providence: I have ſome reaſon to imagine, my worthy lady, that you and I muſt very ſhortly mourn his loſs; but, conſider we ſhall indeed

have occaſion to mourn, but not like thoſe who have no hope. Your father may perhaps become inquiſitive concerning your ſtory; I think it needful, therefore, to be indulged with ſo much of it as you think proper to diſcloſe, in order to remove from yourſelf a taſk which may prove rather ſevere."—"Kind and generous Sir," replied the weeping Lady Middleton, "Receive in a few words my unhappy ſtory, and then lead me to the reſtored parent whom I am prepared to give up to that heaven, where, I truſt, Sir, you and I ſhall ſhortly join him."

Lady Middleton, then recounted what the reader is already acquainted with: we ſhall therefore only purſue the relation from her ſituation with her Richmond friend.

"In this gay family I experienced every indulgence that gives pleaſure to young minds: I was taught every polite accompliſhment, and moved in a continual round of amuſement; but my heart revolted at joy, for my parents were ever preſent to my thought. Among the young gentlemen who viſited at the houſe, Sir Charles Middleton was the moſt accompliſhed, and was juſt come to the poſſeſſion of his eſtate. From the firſt moments that I beheld him, I felt a partiality in his favour: we ſoon became dear to each other; he likewiſe was an orphan; and often did we mingle our tears together.

" At length I conſented to a private marriage which he repreſented as abſolutely neceſſary, as his uncle, who had no children, had declared he would leave his eſtate to ſtrangers, if his nephew did not marry into a family of rank and title. My love was too great to object to his deſire in this particular, and, unknown to the family, depending on that honour which never knew a ſtain, that worth which never will again be equalled, I came with him to this manſion, where we were united by the moſt ſacred ties.

" You know the reſt; you know his generous heart, too delicate to call me his in private, panted only for my honour and my peace! You ſoothed his wounded ſpirit, on the cruel treatment he received from his unfeeling uncle, on the diſcovery of our marriage; and you watched him during the courſe of that fever which took him from my widowed arms! But come, Sir, I am now collected, lead me to my honoured father, and let me receive that bleſſing which you have given me to fear will not often be repeated." Doctor Spencer bowed, and led her to the chamber. On entering they found Randolph ſtill in a ſlumber, but it was broken with ſighs. In a little time he awaked; and, Doctor Spencer advancing to the bedſide, took hold of his hand, and requeſted his attention to a ſhort recital of his Harriet's hiſtory, from the time he left her: on hearing which, Randolph exclaimed, " Bleſſed, and ever-

bleſſed Providence, my thankful ſoul bends to thy decrees; let me but ſee my child once again, and I ſhall die contented! On this, ſupported between two attendants, Lady Middleton advanced, and kneeling down, felt the hands of her father reſting upon her head: then riſing, ſhe threw her arms around him in ſpeechleſs agony. Doctor Spencer was too much moved to utter a word; but, looking for a time on the affecting ſcene, his heart became too full for his ſtrength, and he ſunk down on a chair, and wept aloud. At length, recollecting himſelf, he again ſtruggled with his feelings, and advanced to the bed, where he beheld Lady Middleton ſtill embracing her father with a wildneſs which alarmed him. On raiſing her up, ſhe uttered a long and deep ſigh, and fainted in the arms of the attendants, as they were conveying her away from the lifeleſs corſe of that parent, who had juſt lived to breathe out his departing ſpirit in the preſence of a child he had for a long time conſidered as loſt.

Doctor Spencer, after giving proper directions concerning the lifeleſs body, notwithſtanding the depreſſion of his own ſpirits, haſtened to ſupport thoſe of Lady Middleton, whoſe religion forbidding her to deſpair, he found in the attitude of prayer. He withdrew unobſerved to the adjoining chamber, where he could diſtinctly hear the pious ejaculation delivered from lips that had been early taught to expreſs the dic-

tates of innocence, from which her gentle ſpirit had never ſwerved.

But however reſigned, Lady Middleton ſtill found herſelf unequal to the taſk of combating with her accumulated and ſevere afflictions; and Doctor Spencer obſerved, with inward regret, that, although her griefs were ſilent, they were yet rooted in a heart too amiable to reconcile itſelf quickly to the loſs of parents who had thus fallen the victims of miſery; and of a huſband, in whoſe love and attention alone ſhe had hoped to experience comfort. The melancholy ſatisfaction of dwelling on the remembrance of thoſe we have loved and honoured, is an enjoyment known only to the poſſeſſors of true refinement and pure ſenſibility. Lady Middleton had beſtowed her affections on an orphan, as ſhe then imagined herſelf, and who, like herſelf, had cheriſhed in his boſom the ſtrong and dear recollection of his departed parents.

Wilkins, having completed his buſineſs, returned to the inn, where he had left his friend. His ſurpriſe may eaſily be imagined on receiving the letter which had been left for him; its contents induced him immediately to haſten to Lady Middleton, to whom he was introduced by Doctor Spencer. Without reſerve the child of Randolph embraced the honeſt and deeply affected ſeaman; Wilkins could

only ſob out, "Be comforted my dear child: I loved thy father from the firſt moment I ſaw him: he was then a fine ſtripling, and poſſeſſed the heart of a lion; but heaven and himſelf only have known how it has ſince been broken down by the ſtorms of adverſity. Well, well, there is a great deal of injuſtice in the world, and my poor brother ſeaman has come in for his full ſhare of it! But, as my dame ſays, the keen edge of heaven's juſt vengeance is never ſuffered to ruſt, and reflection will come home to the cruel minded." The effuſions of the honeſt heart of this generous Briton conveyed conſolation to the afflictions he endeavoured thus to relieve; and Lady Middleton experienced every comfort ſhe was capable of receiving in the ſociety of the tender, humane, and refined Spencer, and the honeſt, manly, and feeling Wilkins.

A few weeks paſt on, during which Lady Middleton employed herſelf in ſettling her worldly concerns, in which ſhe nobly paid back the debt of gratitude to thoſe who had ſo richly merited every thing ſhe had to beſtow.

That taſk performed, her thoughts were wholly turned to "the vaſt concerns of an immortal ſtate," to which ſhe knew ſhe was haſtening, and which ſhe had ever happily conſidered was not to be left "to the mercy of a moment." The friendly warn-

ing of her releaſe from life at length arrived: and perceiving the trembling tear gliſten in the eye of Wilkins, on being ſummoned to take his laſt farewell, the child of Randolph for the laſt time kiſſed the hand of her father's friend, and thus delivered the acknowledgments of a heart that deeply felt its obligations: "Honoured friend of my departed parent, whoſe releaſed ſpirit is now beyond the reach of human miſery; bleſs me ere I die, as that parent would himſelf have done were he now leaning, like you, in tears and agony over the death-bed of his ſuffering child: words and my ſtrength are too weak to expreſs my gratitude, my eſteem—and, oh, ſuffer me to add, my affection!"

After a pauſe, ſhe requeſted Doctor Spencer to attend to the laſt words ſhe moſt likely ſhould have to utter: "I feel, my worthy Sir," ſhe continued, "that your poor orphan has not long to remember the loſs of thoſe from whom ſhe may ſay ſhe has been bereft by the *cruel policy* of the land from which ſhe is departing. I have conſidered the firſt cauſe of all my ſufferings, and in that cruel policy I find them to have originated. Unfeeling men tore my poor father from me; and I now again behold his anguiſh—again behold the convulſions of my diſtracted mother; and again experience the void in my own heart, which has never ſince been filled up! I am fully ſenſible that it will not be long before I

meet them in that heaven where injuſtice will never again ſeparate them from me. In the courſe of a few years, that death ſhould mark the unfortunate, and claim them as his own, is not for you or me to regret; for when and where could they have hoped for peace and comfort? To the heart ſtricken and deſerted, the ſource of all earthly good is dried up, and the grave is ever a friend to the weary and heavy laden, who wiſh to lay down the burthen of perſecuted exiſtence. A great part of my worldly poſſeſſions, which are conſiderable, I have by will bequeathed to yourſelf: The conduct of my lamented huſband's family, to him and me, has rendered it even unfit to remember the proud in ſpirit, and by that means increaſe the folly of human conſequence. I am ſenſible your goodneſs will ever be prompting you to acts of continual mercy and occaſional munificence. Perhaps ſome future Randolph may call forth your pitying tear; perhaps ſome deſerted mother may plead at your heart, as at heaven's gate, for mercy: comfort them, oh comfort them, from the ſtores of her who was once poor, and let the daughters of affliction be relieved by the means of their ſiſter in adverſity!"

The taſk is done: the writer can add no more than that the mother, the father, and the child, reſt under one tomb, raiſed by the venerable Spencer.

ALBERT.

In a deep wood, ſecluded, wild and drear,
Rov'd a lone wand'rer, muſing o'er the paſt!
A monument, in ruins, ivy brac'd,
Seen dimly through the gloom; ſtill led him on
To view its mould'ring record. On the ground
Lay, damp'd by dew, and ſmear'd by many a worm,
The parchment roll that gave the tale of ALBERT.

TERRIFYING dreams deſtroyed the repoſe of the guilty Albert, viſionary forms haunted his chamber, and ſurrounded his bed of ſtate; lights and attendants, placed in adjoining rooms, could not diſſipate the paly phantoms; could not ſtill the piercing groans they uttered; could not ſoften their looks of threatning anger, which filled his tortured ſoul with diſmay and horror.

The numerous tapers which his fears had commiſſioned to be placed around him, became as torches in the graſp of dæmons; and his diſturbed imagination pictured his attendants as ſo many murderers in the act of burſting the doors they were commanded to guard; and now their avenging daggers enter his heart; a heart harrowed by remorſe, and bleeding with its awful workings!

Such were the horrors of each revolving night, ſuch were the horrors which Albert's power could not diſſipate. The hours of day, indeed, were varied by amuſements fabricated to ſteal him from himſelf; and to divert his mind, dark, and perturbed from the agonies of reflection.

A long and mournful month had thus paſſed over the devoted head of this child of guilty greatneſs, when in the dead of night, from the chamber adjoining to his own, he heard a voice exclaim "Albert, awake! or you ſleep your laſt." Inſtantly he ſtarted from his bed, and quitting his apartment, met, in the gallery, the aged monk Erneſto. "Erneſto!" faintly uttered the alarmed Albert, "is it thee—good old man—thou wilt not harm thy maſter. But where are my attendants commanded to keep watch in this gallery?" "Your attendants Sir, alas, they are become your guards; but not to preſerve from outrage. No longer your defenders—murder is their horrid purpoſe: inquire not, defer not, if you loſe this moment, life will anſwer for the delay. Put on a diſguiſe which I have prepared, and follow me, the humble inſtrument deſtined to preſerve you."

Albert, with looks of fear, and trembling with ſuſpicion, which even reſted upon Erneſto himſelf, put on the diſguiſe, which was that of a monk,

ſaying, "If your holy garb Erneſto, correſponds not with your heart better than mine does with that of its wretched wearer, I ſhall ſtill be apprehenſive of perfidy. Loſt and bewildered as I am, I cannot reward your ſervices—leave me then to periſh; and endanger not your life in the cauſe of the wretched Albert!"

Erneſto replied, "If my lord muſt periſh, his ſervant will die with him, but not before exhauſted ſtrength renders the powers of defence of no avail, will Erneſto behold the ſon of his early patron fall beneath the daggers of his enemies."

"What ſound is that?" exclaimed the ſhuddering Albert. "It proceeds from the ſhield juſt touched by the glittering blade: hear it as the firſt awful ſignal. Loſe not a moment, enter again your chamber, and depend on me alone."

Irreſolute and trembling, Albert caſt a glance of doubt upon Erneſto, and thus replied, "Depend on thee Erneſto? and, enter again my chamber!—but I ſee your purpoſe: heaven demands retribution, and I am to fall a victim to treachery!" "Demands retribution! What retribution my lord?" "O good old man," continued Albert, "I perceive I have wronged thee, your ignorance of my horrid meaning, confirms your innocence. Know

then, that with a ſmile on my countenance, but with a poiſoned draught in my hand, I gave the cup of death to the parched lips of the parent who adored me: he raiſed his head diſtracted with the burning fever, and ſaid 'Give me drink, my child, and thy father ſhall yet live.' He took the potion from my guilty hand; and, with inward exultation, I beheld him imbibe with eagerneſs the beverage of oblivion."

The heart of Erneſto ſhrunk within him, on hearing the unexpected relation; at length he exclaimed, "Ah wretch! and does a father's blood cry for vengeance? and ſuch a father too! But proceed, parricide proceed—yet hold; this is not a time to hear or to reproach you: for hark! a ſecond ſignal! Again I repeat, enter your chamber, you will not miſtruſt me long. Your own perfidy, ſir, has made you ſuſpect all: if you linger here, a ſpeedy death awaits you; and you will dearly pay for your want of confidence in the man who begins to fear he oppoſes the will of heaven in attempting your preſervation."

Although again entering his chamber appeared to the ſuſpecting Albert no very ſucceſsful means of avoiding his enemies; yet, with a mind full of doubt, a heart depreſſed by conſcious guilt, and

beating with coward fears, he put himſelf under the guidance of Erneſto.

To the aſtoniſhment of the agitated Albert, Erneſto removed a pannel in the wainſcot, which diſcovered a ſecret paſſage, leading to a winding way cut through the ſolid rock; following the ſteps of his venerable conductor, in a little time they gained the verge of the immenſe ocean.

Its waters were ſwelling to the approaching ſtorm; and the murmuring waves appalled the heart of Albert. Erneſto ſurveyed the ſcene before him, unconſcious of a fear, and thus addreſſed the man of miſery and guilt. "To this troubled element, commit yourſelf: If you return, your terrors will only impel you to that death, you wiſh to avoid. The hollow winds ſounding dreadful among the rocks; the atmoſphere now hid in darkneſs, and now terribly illumined with burſting flames; the pealing thunder, which rocks the earth to its foundation, may well appal a heart like thine; a heart, to which I cannot ſpeak comfort;—a heart which *muſt* bleed for its offences;—and ſhall I preſume to rob heaven of its right, to whom you owe penitence and ſorrow!

"My attention is only for your life; that by a proper uſe of its remainder, you may ſhun eternal

death; embark then, and awful as the moment is, learn that the power you have ſo deeply offended, can alone deſtroy its creatures: ſurrounding terrors obey a commanding voice; and the Being who raiſed them into fury, can, with equal eaſe, ſubdue them into peace.

"But you tremble at the ſtorm within: harraſſed by a guilty conſcience, theſe forked flames that threaten around you, ſeem as if commiſſioned to deſtroy; the artillery of heaven, now ſounding its alarms, you picture as ſurcharged with its avenging bolts.—I do not, I cannot forbid your fears, for you have done too much to raiſe them—and as the inſtrument of the power to whom I bend—if I can probe to heal—if I can reprove to convince—it is a demand upon my duty. It is mine to feed, not dry the tears of contrition."

The boat which belonged to the veſſel, prepared for Albert, could not be brought to the rock on which they ſtood, owing to the tremendous agitation of the ſea which forbade the attempt. Erneſto would have plunged into the waves, and gained it by ſwimming: but Albert's timidity forbade him to follow. Long would he have remained irreſolute, had not the burſting flames from the window of Arpaſia's apartment, in one of the lofty towers of the palace, determined him to fly to her reſcue.

To the beauty of Arpaſia, Albert owed his ruin. Her ambition was unbounded; as her manners were alluring. Her arts were known to all except her infatuated lord. But now the awful hour of reckoning proved to him the terrors of heaven's vengeance, when it falls upon the daring offender.

Erneſto, perceiving Albert's intention, forcibly withheld him from ruſhing on inſtant deſtruction, in the vain attempt to ſave the already devoted.

And now the ſcreams of Arpaſia pierced the heart of Albert: who beheld the object of his paſſion, ſtruggling with the flames, commiſſioned to deſtroy her in their involving horrors. For a ſhort ſpace ſhe clung to the bars of the caſement, while Albert beheld her writhing in torture, until ſhe dropped, bereft of life and motion, and was ſeen no more.

Albert uttered a piercing groan, and again attempted a return to his palace; but Erneſto prevented him; while, like another Mentor, he forced him on the roaring wave; exclaiming, "My arm, though aged, hath not forgotten its ſtrength, nor my heart its fortitude." They were beheld by the crew, and by means of ropes gained the veſſel in ſafety.

The ſhip made its way from the heart-rending ſcene, while Albert, loſt and dejected, beheld, with a ſinking heart, his palace involved in flames, reflected on the troubled ocean, and thus encreaſing its horrors.

In vain Erneſto endeavoured to remove him from his ſtation on the deck. Wild and diſtracted, he exclaimed, "I will behold the ravages which yonder fires are making. Arpaſia's ſcreams are borne upon their curling ſpires, at leaſt imagination conveys them ſtill to my hearing. Still to my ſight, appears her lovely form, ſtruggling to free itſelf from the conſuming enemy.—See Erneſto! behold ſhe claſps her hands—her eyes are fixed on me; ſhe gaſps, ſhe groans—ſhe drops!—I muſt follow her; I cannot, will not, ſurvive my loſt Arpaſia—Hold me no longer."

Erneſto beheld his ravings with pity, and replied, "Not hold you my lord? What! Suffer you to ruſh upon that fate, from which to preſerve you I am commanded by a power which it ſhall be my endeavour to make you at length look up to.—What are your puniſhments compared to your offences? Remember the dreadful ſecret you have conſigned to my keeping, and be calm: let us remove from obſerving eyes—repoſe on me, and do not perſevere in being an enemy to yourſelf."

Albert made no reply, but in ſullen ſadneſs retired to his cabin; where throwing himſelf upon a couch, he at length ſunk into a ſlumber, which the good prieſt watched over, in hopes that it would contribute to calm the agitation of a mind ſo deeply oppreſſed; and to which repoſe had been ſo long a ſtranger.

The ſtorm ſoon ſubſiding, for ſome weeks they continued to ſail on the boſom of the deep, while favouring winds accelerated the courſe of the veſſel. At length uniting clouds, accompanied with a foreboding wind, made the mariners apprehenſive that tempeſt was again advancing in all its horrors.

Nor were they wrong in their conjectures; the thunder heard in the diſtance, made ſwift and terrible approaches, and now ſeemed burſting over their heads. The black and rolling clouds emitted, in quick ſucceſſion, large portions of their ſulphury ſtores, while the ſea preſented a waſte of horrors.

The winds, too mighty for the control of man, ſoon diſmaſted the veſſel, and it remained a naked hulk, driven to and fro by their remorſeleſs fury.

The rage of elements at length abated, but only to increaſe diſmay: the ſhocks occaſioned by its fury had ſo ſhattered their floating manſion, that it

was nearly on the point of going to the bottom, when they diſcovered land.

Their powder was rendered unfit for uſe, ſo that it was impoſſible to make ſignal of diſtreſs; but while deſtruction threatened on every ſide, they beheld a crowd deſcending from the woody hills that graced the iſland; and ſeveral boats ſetting off to their aſſiſtance.

By the time the boats came up, the veſſel had ſunk ſo low in the water, as to render a near approach extremely hazardous. But their humane preſervers having provided themſelves with ropes; theſe were flung out to a proper diſtance, and thus, the whole crew were ſaved from threatening deſtruction.

Albert and Erneſto were the laſt to quit the ſhip. The former expreſſed his reſolve to go down with it, ſtill under the fatal deluſion that in the incloſing wave, he ſhould be rocked to an eternal ſleep.

Erneſto forbade the deſperate trial, and endeavoured to force him from the deck. While they were thus contending, as it were, on the brink of death, Erneſto graſped a rope; which Albert perceiving, he endeavoured to plunge himſelf from the other ſide of the ſinking bark. The good prieſt ſeizing his hand, preſerved him from the fate he

ſought, and they were drawn about half way to the only boat that had ventured to remain, and ſtand the peril; when Erneſto's ſtrength became exhauſted, and he let go the hand of Albert.

In an inſtant, a young man, with as much courage, as humanity, at the extreme hazard of his own life, plunged to ſave that of the drowning wretch.—The deſperate venture proved ſucceſful; and regaining the boat, his intrepid preſerver placed Albert by the ſide of the faithful Erneſto.

Gaining the ſhore, the bodies, yet motionleſs, were conveyed to a comfortable dwelling, where by the care and attention of its generous inhabitants, they were ſpeedily reſtored to that life, which Albert, ſo raſhly, had endeavoured to deſtroy.

Erneſto firſt came to himſelf, and looking round with wonder and admiration, on the rude dignity which graced the chamber where he repoſed: felt his favourite ſentiments return with double force upon his grateful heart.

"This room," ſaid he, "hung with the produce of the hunter's toil, convinces me, that art and refinement are unknown to the natives of this iſland," From an inner apartment, a voice rejoined, "They ar e indeed unknown." Erneſto turned round, when

a venerable aged man entered, and with a ſmiling countenance, cordially embraced him.

The ſtranger continued, "It is with happineſs I behold you reſtored; I have watched the ſlow return of life with doubt and anxiety; heaven has at length bleſſed the means of ſimplicity, and has given efficacy to the pure and untutored plants of nature; but *here* my friend, (pointing to Albert) the effect of their power appears not yet: if this poor ſufferer recovers it muſt be after many a painful ſtruggle!"—Erneſto beheld the convulſed frame of Albert, and wept!—"Is he your child? Your tears anſwer me! Alas! be comforted. If he dies heaven will receive him: If he lives, we will ſtrive to make him happy.—I had once a ſon, dear to me as the vital ſtream which warms my heart. In the early morn he went forth exulting in health and happineſs, but with the ſhades of evening, he returned penſive and trembling—the fever ſeized his brain; and he died reſigned in the enfolding arms of the maiden to whom he was on the next day to have been united, and who loved him with a love equal to that of his father! "Come, you ſhall ſee my poor Elvina, you ſhall view the picture of lovelineſs and reſignation, in the perſon of my other child."

Erneſto replied, "For your words of comfort, and for your hoſpitality and attention to the wretched

I feel that at my heart, which to explain, defies the power of utterance. Good and benevolent ſtranger I follow wherever you may lead. Suſtained by your confidence and friendſhip, the thankful heart of Erneſto will yet be alive to the grateful influence of heaven-born hope; ſtrengthened by your conſolation and council, his griefs will in time ſubſide; and the clouds of deſpondency, will roll away, to return no more!"

With that genuine courteſy, never to be gained in the ſchool of modern refinement, where ſervile art puts ſimple nature to the bluſh, the venerable Iſlander aroſe, ſaying to Erneſto, "Let us then repair to THE GARDEN OF SIMPLICITY; THE GROVE OF FRIENDSHIP; and THE SHADES OF CONTEMPLATION.

A long, long abſence from that part of the world, where buſy millions engaged in arts, commerce, and the practice of that cruel policy which poiſons the avenues to the heart; renders theſe plains, and theſe artleſs inhabitants, who give to me their love and eſteem, dear as any comforts on this ſide heaven, ought to be, to thoſe who duly reflect on the life of man.

The rapid changes of human exiſtence it is our duty to contemplate; for alas, each conveys its own

leſſon to the boſom open to receive it! Sublunary bliſs is uncertain and tranſitory. It fadeth as the flowers which Spring calleth forth to grace this humble dwelling with their colours and their perfumes. Behold this drooping roſe, yeſterday it unfolded its beauties to the riſing ſun, but the winds of returning night ſhall diſſipate its fallen leaves: and expecting man, may here behold a picture of earthly felicity, yielding to the ſwift advance of conſuming time which at length brings on the hour which owns only *one* hope; unallied to earth, and reſting on immortality."

On the bed of his parent earth, lays the periſhing remains of my once good and amiable child! While living he never gave to my heart a pang, and the thought embalms his memory. Theſe tears called forth by recollection diſgrace not the father, I am no *Philoſopher*, but I truſt I am a *Chriſtian*!"

But come my brother, ſuch will I call you, as I foreſee that affliction, years, and kindred feelings, will render us dear to each other; follow me, and when the ſcenes which you are to view are wandered over, you will be ſtill more prepared to viſit the ſequeſtered abode of Elvina, in whoſe gentle boſom conſuming grief is making rapid inroads. The hapleſs maiden, cannot forget the worth that engaged her heart; the

affection which demanded her own; and the form ever preſent to her imagination."

"And do you not endeavour to cure her melancholy?" exclaimed Erneſto, "You who ſo well know the duty of reſignation; pardon my zeal, but ought you not at leaſt to—" "Alas my friend" interrupted the Iſlander, "*Who can miniſter to a mind diſeaſed.*"

"Time, Erneſto, may produce a change; and can I think of *ungentle* means? No! The dear child of my boſom, has a worthy claim upon *my* utmoſt tenderneſs. I *will* ſtrive to ſoothe her melancholy: and who ſhall ſay that her way to reaſon does not wind along the wilds of fancy? Be it mine to lead her through them with every fond attention; and not by oppoſing her paſſage, drive her to the confines of irremediable diſtraction.

"Too far advanced in decay, I have much to fear from increaſing langour. Some griefs, like a deſtroying worm, are deeply fixed within the vital ſyſtem: human art in vain attempts to remove the one; and human argument in vain eſſays to medicine the other. Phrenſy may ſubſide; but ſorrow may remain:—reaſon may reſume its ſeat—but the poor ſhattered bark may ſtill be loſt in the ſilent, but ſwelling wave of deadly anguiſh."

The words of the Iſlander were too weighty for Erneſto to oppoſe: he owned their fire, he owned that his heart received them; and caſting a mournful look on Albert, he exclaimed "Alas, poor ſhattered bark!—*that wave* hath overwhelmed thee! The Iſlander following him to the couch of Albert, rejoined, "Encourage hope, my medicines will yet reſtore him. They are bleſſed by that power who alone can give efficacy to the means of preſervation."

"Come Sir, you are now to attend me on the errand of love and pity; and I think you are well prepared to view an object which will demand both; or I am *once more* deceived—and that artful ſeeming which I have been long eſtranged from, hath at length found its way to the abode of peace, innocence, and ſimplicity.

Erneſto replied, "Why this unkind ſuppoſition? Have not I allowed, that your ſentiments toward Elvina demand my praiſe; not cenſure? Believe me, when I tell you, that, like yourſelf, I have long been weaned from a world where virtue is too often inſulted; where worth is wedded to miſery; and where vice lords it with unbluſhing front; and in all the inſolence of proud proſperity, tramples humble merit under feet."

The Iſlander embraced Erneſto, ſaying. "I can-

not, will not, injure you by unjuſt ſuſpicions. Let us now walk forth, and if in the wild ſcenes which will meet your ſight, you diſcover the traits of a romantic mind: conſider that fancy to ſooth melancholy, marked out the courſe of the ſilent ſtream, and told the weeping willow, where to kiſs its glaſſy boſom. That paternal love whiſpered here raiſe the tomb to departed worth: whoſe tablet ſhall ſpeak to the yet unborn."

Leaving the manſion of peace, they paſſed through a grove of poplars, which placed on a grateful bed, ſprung up in lofty columns, while their leafy honours excluded the mid-day ſun, ſo far, as only to admit its rays, to bedeck with yellow ſtreaks the moſſy ground, enriched here and there, by the hand of Flora, with thoſe ornaments which bid defiance to art, to rival in beauty or in ſweets.

A winding paſſage ſoon brought them to a temple formed of lattice-work, which was entirely hid from the eye by the ſcented honey-ſuckle, the bluſhing Moſs-roſe, and the elegant lily; intermingled with other flowers of different deſcriptions. Over the entrance, encircled by the intereſting and modeſt jeſſamine, were the following lines.

Ye ſweets that deck this rural bower;
Ye colours that enchant the eye;

Soon will you feel the nipping hour,
That bids your proudeſt beauties die!

Another Spring reſtores your forms,
To beauty's perfect pattern true:
But man, once nipt by wintry ſtorms,
Another Spring ſhall never view.

Hark! hark! how full the feathery choir,
Chaunt their wild notes the boughs among:
More tuneful than the tutor'd lyre;
More tuneful than the labour'd ſong.

Trill on ſweet tribe in many a varied ſound,
And heighten every charm that gaily blooms around.

The Iſlander, with a placid ſmile, inclined his head, as Erneſto expreſſed his ſatisfaction, after repeating the above lines in a manner gratifying to their author.

Proceeding onward, they reached a cloſe walk, where again the branches of high trees, blending, formed a leafy canopy, admitting only a faint twilight; while the ground appeared as a velvet carpet of the moſt beautiful green.

This penſive path led by an eaſy deſcent to a ſilent glade, in the middle of which appeared a beautiful grotto; its romantic form was reflected

in a baſon of water, that preſented to the wanderers view its tranſparent ſurface. In its front, this charming and ſecluded retreat was rendered ſtill more pictureſque, by the luxuriant willow, and the rich laburnum, then in full flower; and whoſe drooping branches dipped their green and golden honours in its pellucid boſom.

"Here" ſaid the conductor of Erneſto, "my Elvina loves to retire. Here to her tuneful harp, ſhe compoſes her wild and mournful ditties. Hark! ſhe is at this moment touching its ſtrings. We will not interrupt her; ſoon with a voice of harmony will ſhe join the impreſſive inſtrument."

At the cloſe of the ſymphony, Elvina in the following ſtanzas, fully juſtified the opinion of her venerable father.

* You aſk why I murmur, and beat my ſad breaſt;
Ah! would that my ſorrows were only a dream:
My woes, dear companions, deprive me of reſt,
As I ſigh near the willow that droops o'er the ſtream.

* Theſe ſtanzas were ſet to muſic, and ſung by Miſs Wingfield at the Apollo Gardens. The public honoured them with its approbation.

Near the ſhade of that willow with Edward I rov'd,
As the wave's gentle ripple received the moon-beam:
'Twas firſt by that willow he told me he lov'd,
And its leaves all the while kiſs'd the chryſtaline ſtream.

On the day that poor Laura was borne to her grave,
My happineſs fled like a tranſient dream;
Alas! on that day he was loſt in the wave,
But not near our willow that mourns o'er the ſtream.

A more boiſterous wave rock'd my Edward to ſleep,
'Midſt thunders loud rattle, and lightnings gleam;
And I, dear companions, for ever muſt weep,
With the willow that dips its ſad leaves in the ſtream.

See my willow is dying, it fades as I ſigh;
The moons paly light on its yellow leaves gleam;
Hark! they whiſper, 'prepare thee loſt Lucy to die,
With thy willow that folds up its leaves by the ſtream.'

She ſpoke, and the virgins in ſorrow retired,
While pale on the plain, darted Cynthia's beam;
But ere morning return'd, gentle Lucy expired
By the ſide of her willow that weeps o'er the ſtream.

Here the ſongſtreſs pauſed, while the echo of her plaintive ſtrains by degrees died away.

A ſhort ſilence enſued; Erneſto and the Iſlander turned into a walk which led from the building, "We will not" ſaid the latter, "interrupt her yet; it is poſſible the abrupt appearance of a ſtranger might alarm her. Let us then purſue our way to the grove of Contemplation, and on our return I will ſee my daughter, and prepare her for your reception."

Within the grove, which preſented the charms of rural and refined taſte, a temple was raiſed to Contemplation; a running ſtream glittered to the partial rays of a ſetting ſun, and Erneſto ſeemed wrapt in ſilent admiration. Over the door of the temple the following inſcription preſented itſelf:—

HERE, through deep ſhades, purſue my ſilent ſtream.
Here, on my ever-verdant banks repoſe;
And here, indulge the viſionary dream,
That ſteals the aching heart from varied woes.

Dear are theſe ſcenes to Contemplation's eye,
Here, downcaſt melancholy dwells retired;
Here, gently breathes her ſweetly murm'ring ſigh;
And mournful roves by penſive themes inſpired.

But, if dark purpoſes invade thy breaſt;
Or yellow Envy with her poiſoned dart,
Has every nobler faculty ſuppreſs'd,
And with her deadly gall impregn'd thy heart:

Far from theſe portals wend thy hapleſs way,—
No child of pallid guilt muſt here preſume to ſtay.

After wandering for ſome time in the grove, Erneſto propoſed returning, and expreſſed a wiſh to viſit Albert before they proceeded to Elvina; meaſuring back their ſteps they re-entered the cottage.

They found Albert recovering; his ſenſes were reſtored, but a fixed dejection ſtill ſat on his brow. The attendant who had watched him during his ſtate of inſenſibility, had informed him that he was among friends; and on the appearance of his humane hoſt he attempted to riſe, but was prevented.

The dignified appearance of the Iſlander, created an awe within the breaſt of Albert. The goodneſs of his heart rendered his aſpect open and commanding; while the guilt which oppreſſed that of Albert, made his countenance appear fallen and dejected.

A few days elapſed, when Albert was ſo far recovered as to be enabled to join his friends in their walks.

The Iſlander propoſed another ramble over the ſcenes before deſcribed, and informed his gueſts that he had prepared his daughter for their reception.

Arriving at the rural abode of Elvina, the penſive mourner aroſe, and returned the ſalutation of her viſitors, with that nameleſs elegance allied only to *mind*.

The attentions of Erneſto, who admired ſeveral drawings from her own pencil which lay on a table, were received with a ſmile expreſſive of ſatisfaction; his encomiums induced her without ſolicitation to take her harp, ſaying to the good old man,—" I like you for your mild and gentle looks:—How long have you been on our iſland, and why have you kept away from the poor Elvina? but you'll come often now. Some of my ſad, ſad ditties, are from fancy; but Edward is the only name I dwell upon."

With pity and affection Erneſto looked upon Elvina. Then caſting a glance of fear on Albert, ſhe whiſpered, " Come and ſit by me, and don't let him hear us." In a voice peculiarly ſoft and low, ſhe then ſung the following ſtanzas, in a manner which called forth indeed the tears of Erneſto and the Iſlander.

Ah, tell me, DARK CYPRESS that waves in the grove,
Whoſe murmurs unite with my harp's gentle ſtrain,
As it dwells on the worth that enobled my love,
If Edward returns to Elvina again?
My Cypreſs replies, 'he will never return,
But my branches expanding ſhall ſhadow his urn.'

GREEN WILLOW that mournfully ſighs to the wind,
Say, why did he leave his Elvina behind?
It moans to the breeze, and I hear it reply,
'Her Edward is loſt, and Elvina muſt die:
My leaves ever drooping ſhall bend o'er his grave,
And the ſpot where he ſleeps ſhall be laſhed by the wave.'

Ah! GOLDEN LABURNUM, that flowers in May,
You once knew Elvina all frolic and gay:
Ah! then I was happy! but Edward is dead,
And the viſions of ſorrow encircle my head;
As loſt and bewilder'd I roam in the grove,
And traverſe the ſhades that were dear to my love.

The melody of the penſive Elvina, the impreſſive tones of the harp, ſoothed not the troubled mind of Albert; who in vain ſtruggled with the feelings that weighed down his ſoul. The watchful eye of Erneſto darted reproach, while Elvina, as if by ſtealth, appeared to regard him with looks of timidity. The Iſlander, attentive to every turn of her countenance, roſe to depart, ſaying to the prieſt,—"My bewil-

dered child expects your bleſſing." Erneſto gave it with fervour and ſincerity, and with his benevolent hoſt retired from the abode of ſorrowing innocence. —Albert followed!

"The monument raiſed by an afflicted father," ſaid the Iſlander, "is the laſt object I have to preſent you with, and the path we tread terminates in a ſpot, from whence aſcend my morning and my evening prayers; my wiſhes are to follow the ſpirit of my ſon, whoſe tomb is daily watered with my tears.— But I wait the time appointed; it will come, and I ſhall be diſmiſſed."

A ſhort ſilence enſued, which the Iſlander firſt interrupted by ſaying, "Well, my friend, you ſee my poor loſt boy ſet his affections on a deſerving object, and the dear innocent will not long be divided from him: from her birth until now, ſhe has been all goodneſs, and her preſent ſorrows will ſoon be over."

He ſaid this in a manner that affected Erneſto, who, during their walk, had noticed Albert attending to their converſe with a countenance expreſſive of envy and ſelf condemnation.

And now a deep convulſive groan, which the unhappy man could no longer ſtifle, burſting from its dark confine, alarmed his companions.

The prieſt, who alone could account for his emotions, attributed the deep workings of a guilty mind, to indiſpoſition.—" Not ſo, my friend," ſaid the Iſlander; " ſurely the agitations I have witneſſed are produced from a more important cauſe, a cauſe which I preſume not to inquire into: but if theſe plains, enriched to all but me, with the breeze of health, can miniſter to his aid, fix your home here, and our mutual care ſhall be exerted, in affording him conſolation."

Proceeding ſlowly, Albert at length looked up, and joined Erneſto in oppoſing a return before they had viſited the monument.

Their conductor ſoon brought them to a ſequeſtered ſpot, ſurrounded with trees of the largeſt growth, ſo thickly planted, as only to admit a partial light, reflected on a monument, erected in the centre.—" This," ſaid Erneſto, " is indeed a mournful ſcene." " And can the boundary, within which reſts the remains of all his ſoul held dear, be too mournful for a mourning parent?"

He waited not a reply, but threw open the portals of themonument.

The deſign within was ſimple, elegant, and impreſſive. It exhibited a female figure, with her face

inclined to the ſpectator; her right hand ſupported a lamp, conſtantly kept burning; her left (reclining on the edge of a pedeſtal, on which was placed an urn of exquiſite workmanſhip,) pointed to

THE INSCRIPTION.

Sacred to the memory of a lamented child!
Who, tho' repoſing in this obſcure ſpot,
Was born the heir to a kingdom;
From which his father was driven by a brother's perfidy.
The loſs of power that father laments not:
He hath only left the land of ingratitude
To find an envied home
In the plains of innocence and peace.
But, who ſhall arraign the decrees of heaven!
Who ſhall doubt the certainty of its vengeance!
The brother whoſe ambition led him to injuſtice,
Has paid the forfeit of his crime.
From his own ſon he received the draught of death.
Its contents produced agonies
Commiſſioned to torment his frame, and harrow up his ſoul.
In vain he combated with mental torture.
He expired
An awful example to the children of guilt.

The parricide who adminiſtered the fatal potion,
Succeeded to a parent place;
Which he now holds in terror and diſmay.
Daring to mock the murmurs of diſſatisfaction;
The vengeance of an inſulted people
At length aroſe to overwhelm the tyrant:
Who now, ſhuddering within his palace,
Trembles beneath the influence of thoſe horrors
Doomed to purſue an awakened conſcience.

Ye ſelect few, who have ſaid " Return to a people
Ready to receive their long baniſhed lord;
Ready to atone for groundleſs ſuſpicions,
Raiſed by a remorſeleſs brother
To effect the purpoſes of ambition:"
When the father, who raiſed this monument,
Is at peace within it:
Then, and not 'till then,
Viſit his deluded people.
Tell them in his lateſt moments
He pronounced upon them bleſſings and pardon;
Which extended
Even to the *man* of *miſery!*
Even to the WRETCHED ALBERT!

Vain the taſk, to picture Erneſto's aſtoniſhment, and Albert's confuſion. The latter fell, bereft of ſenſe or motion, at the feet of his uncle, while Erneſto exclaimed,—" Behold the *man of miſery*! Behold the *wretched Albert*!

Albert ſlowly coming to himſelf, opened his eyes, and raiſed them with a look of ſupplication to the Iſlander, who ſtill preſerved his calmneſs; while with a tremulous and ſcarcely audible voice, he was thus addreſſed by the dying victim.

" It is all over! The hand of death is on me.—May the power who willed that at this tomb I ſhould breathe my laſt, incline you to add a little more to its dreadful record. Let my deſerved fate ſwell the

inſcription. I dare not preſume to implore forgiveneſs; but perhaps, when I am no more, it will not be denied.

The Recluſe wept over the dying Albert, and, while his bleſſing yet unfiniſhed trembled on his lips, the penitent graſped his hand, kiſſed it,—and EXPIRED.

THE PARTIAL PARENT.

MR. John Williams reſided in the weſt of England. His houſhold conſiſted of himſelf, and two daughters. Matilda, younger by a year than her ſiſter, was allowed by all who beheld her to be at once intereſting, innocent, and beautiful; while Miſs Williams, plain in perſon, and perverſe in mind, at a very early age, diſcovered by ſigns too evident, a fixed enmity towards the unoffending and unconſcious Matilda.

Mr. Williams had likewiſe a ſon in the Weſt Indies; the ſcene fixed on for his firſt-born and favourite to amaſs wealth in. In that ſpot of European tyranny and oppreſſion, his brother, a wealthy plant-

er, reſided. Mr. Iſaac Williams, from ſmall beginnings became a child of wealth, and a ſcourge to the ſable race: fated, on their native fields, to feel the galling chain, and groan beneath the corrective rod of ſtrangers, by whom their fathers had been plundered and enſlaved.

The young gentleman inherited from his parent, a ſtrong propenſity for worldly lucre. The ſhilling a week allowed him for pocket money, while at ſchool, was carefully laid by, or when he knew his boy, lent out in ſmall portions, to be repaid with intereſt. Old Williams, on Hopefull's return home on Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, received with rapture the image of himſelf in perſon and principle. With exulting delight would he hang over little Iſaac's book of debtor and creditor, where the gain appeared conſiderable, and the loſs trifling. "Happy father," would he exclaim, "to be bleſſed with ſo prudent a child, how will his uncle rejoice in his nameſake, and what a great man will he become in time."

With pleaſed attention would this child of promiſe receive the leſſons of his father, interſperſed with many an incident which gave weight and conſequence. The old man was ſure, on theſe occaſions, to relate the ſudden riſe of thoſe, who, poſſeſſing hearts hardened againſt the nobler feelings, and

conſidering the dictates of humanity as prejudicial to the laws of ſelf-intereſt, had realized their golden dreams in the rapid flight of a few years, and had returned to England petty tyrants, ruling with a rod of iron all who were unfortunate enough to rank among their dependants.

Iſaac was conſiderably older than his ſiſters, who were but infants when he left his father. Since the age of fourteen, he had been engaged in the management of his uncle's extenſive concerns, in whoſe eſteem and confidence he naturally ranked very high; no one upon the Iſland could excel him for ſhrewdneſs and cunning; no one went beyond him in bargain and calculation; and, ſad to ſay, no one could puniſh with more ſeverity the poor ſlave, whoſe hard fortune it proved at any time to offend him.—In ſhort, although not a native, he was in every other reſpect a true Weſt-Indian.

Miſs Williams, too nearly allied in temper and mind to her brother, beheld every amiable quality of the mild Matilda with envy bordering upon hatred. Her father beſtowed a ready ear to many an idle tale, ſhe well knew how to fabricate; and repeated marks of a parent's diſpleaſure, unprovoked, as unmerited, bore hard upon the peace of the much wronged and innocent child, who had never offended againſt the laws of duty and affection.

A circumſtance now took place, which added freſh fuel to the heart burnings of Miſs Williams, and which rendered her ſiſter ſtill more the object of her enmity and perſecution.

Mr. Robins, reputed a man of great property, and who carried on an extenſive manufactory in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, having occaſion to ſee Mr. Williams on buſineſs, wherein that gentleman was materially concerned, paſſed a week at his houſe; in the courſe of which, every thing was ſettled to the perfect ſatisfaction of both parties.

Miſs Williams, whoſe perſonal charms it muſt be confeſſed, were not of the firſt deſcription, having now paſſed her twentieth ſummer, without having made a ſingle conqueſt, beheld this youthful money-trap with an eye of partiality, at the ſame time the young lady, by no means deficient in ſelf-opinion on the *favourable* ſide, imagined that at length ſhe had ſecured an admirer.

Full of this flattering idea, her glaſs became a great favourite; patch and paint, ſmile and dimple, were placed before this reflecting oracle. Its replies, to its vain votary, were ſilent and pleaſing, and its morning hints were noted down, and accurately adopted in the afternoon, to the delight and comfort of the dupe to her own folly and affectation.

An obſervation, inclining rather too forcibly this way, which came from the guileleſs lips of the artleſs Matilda, and which was drawn from that amiable girl by repeated taunts and reflections on the part of Miſs Williams, much diſpleaſed with her ſiſter's judgment not correſponding with her own, on ſeveral articles in the important concern of dreſs, confirmed and fixed, never to be eradicated, the hatred which an envious mind and a bad heart had originally given birth to, and which ſelf-intereſt had nurtured to maturity.

Mr. Robins was not, it muſt be owned, in the poſſeſſion of ſterling ſenſe, nor was he acquainted with certain feelings which liberal minds alone entertain and cheriſh, for the benefit of the unfortunate of all colours, and of every deſcription.

But what he wanted in real ſentiment, and genuine virtue, was made up another way, more advantageous to himſelf. In fact, Mr. Robins was a rigid puritan—he knew how to rail againſt the times—no one more loud than himſelf in the abuſe of KINGS; and although deficient in practice, and ignorant in principle, reſpecting their true nature and end, ſtill was his voice exalted among his diſaffected and ungrateful tribe, when it pretended to inveſtigate THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Miſs Williams at length became ſo marking in her ſmiles, that Mr. Robins could no longer reſiſt their power: they ſat together at meeting, and ſung out of the ſame hymn-book.—Religion, politics, and love, filled up the meaſure of their converſation.

Mr. Williams had been a widower many years; his health was now on the decline, and as his train of thinking ran parallel with that of Robins, he would ſit with the daughter of his heart, and the ſon of his election, for hours, inſulting that government and that country, under whom, and in whom, he had amaſſed all his wealth, by grinding the face of the poor, by double dealing, by ſtifling the checks of conſcience, and by committing numberleſs offences againſt his own creed, THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

This *worthy* character, as his frame yielded day by day to a dropſical complaint, and became weaker and weaker,—ſo likewiſe fared it with his mind.—Engloomed with ideas inimical to the intereſts of true religion, he ſuffered his unwarrantable partiality for his eldeſt, and his cruel and unjuſt prejudices againſt his youngeſt daughter, to gain the aſcendancy over that mind; by nature abject, yet tyrannical, wedded to its elections, and incapable of diſcrimination.

A few months removed him from a world which

could well ſpare ſo worthleſs a member, but not before Mr. Robins and Miſs Williams had become man and wife. Agreeable to the rules of decorum, (not far removed from thoſe of duplicity;) they mourned the uſual time, and then Mr. Robins, at the requeſt of his partner, and for a valuable conſideration, reſigned his buſineſs to another.

The conduct of the new married pair towards Matilda, rendered the houſe of her late father a very unpleaſant abode; and, to complete her diſtreſs, a diamond ring, and a gold watch, which had belonged to Mr. Williams, were now miſſing.

In a manner, cruel, as indelicate, Miſs Williams was charged with the theft; and being left dependant on her ſiſter, ſhe was by that lady, conſigned over to the care of a Mrs. Whinum to learn the myſteries of her calling, and to ſave her from deſtruction. Mrs. Whinum was a great favourite with Mrs. Robins, with whom ſhe often held confidential chat, at the cordial cloſet; for be it known, the good woman was a rigid puritan, and an excellent mantua-maker.

Among the wealthy of her own claſs, Mrs. Whinum had long been a creature of the firſt meanneſs, and found her end fully anſwered, by playing upon their credulity. With unremitting induſtry ſhe

purſued the practice of duplicity, and under the maſk of religion concealed her real character, which will very ſoon appear in all its deformity

The weeping and greatly wronged Matilda, was commanded inſtantly to pack up her cloaths, in which employ ſhe was watched by her ſiſter's pious friend; who all the time exhorted her to repentance, and explained the myſtery of the *new birth.*

Removed from the care of her ſiſter, and placed under that of Mrs. Whinum, Matilda had little cauſe to regret the change. Her mildneſs of manners, and attention to her employment, forbade a murmur to her prejudice on the part of her miſtreſs, while the imputed cauſe of her ſudden departure, from the houſe of Mr. and Mrs. Robins, became the ſubject of general converſation among the neighbours, who made no ſcruple of expreſſing their ſentiments on the conduct of the latter; who found herſelf not a little mortified at the indifference, not to ſay contempt, with which ſhe was treated by her former acquaintance.

Mrs. Robins was at no loſs to divine the cauſe of this deſertion, and therefore heard Mrs. Whinum expreſs her intention of going to London for a few weeks, and taking Matilda with her, with extreme ſatisfaction.

Matilda, mild and forgiving, expreſſed a deſire to take leave of her ſiſter; Mrs. Robins remained fixed in a determination to ſee her no more; with a heavy heart the injured innocent ſubmitted to the ſeverity of her fate, and prepared for her journey with Mrs. Whinum, who had already made up her mind how to diſpoſe of her.

On the ſecond Sunday after her arrival in London, ſhe accompanied her miſtreſs to one of thoſe conventicles, where the incoherent harangues of wild fanatics, delude thouſands to their utter ruin. How different thoſe unhallowed fanes of Error, to the temples of pure Religion!

When the congregation roſe to depart, Matilda in the croud loſt ſight of Mrs. Whinum, and in vain endeavoured to find her: her diſtreſs was obſerved by an elderly lady, who with much ſeeming tenderneſs, told her not to be alarmed, and inquired the name of her miſtreſs; on hearing which, ſhe exclaimed, turning to a young woman with her,—"Well Kitty! how fortunate! don't weep my child, this is a bleſſed place, and no harm can happen to any who come to hear the *fine man* who comforts us all with his doctrine."

The reader, by this time, perfectly underſtands the character of Mrs. Whinum, who had nothing to

do but to pocket her pay, and return home with invectives againſt the ill-ſtarred, the devoted Matilda Williams!

Mrs. Commode and her kinſwoman Kitty, had a coach waiting for them, and it was propoſed to ſet Matilda down where her friend reſided during her ſtay in London. In the way, ſhe alighted to ſpeak to an acquaintance, and adviſed Matilda, after the alarm ſhe had been thrown into, to take ſome refreſhment. The unſuſpecting girl conſented, but no ſooner had ſhe entered the parlour than Commode threw of the maſk, and informed her trembling victim that ſhe would ſee Mrs. Whinum no more; that it was a happy change ſhe was going to experience, and that in a few hours ſhe would ſee a gentleman, who would be a firm friend to her, and make her fortune, on a proper condeſcenſion on her ſide.

In a little time the gentleman made his appearance, and after paying the unfortunate Matilda ſome common place compliments, he caſt his eye over the apartment, and obſerved that it was by no means ſuited for ſo much beauty and elegance.

"I mean to remove you, child," he continued, "to a gay and faſhionable part of the town, and take you to all public places, where you will be the

only object of admiration.—What ſays my charmer?"

The agitated Matilda, on her knees, implored his pity for one whom the world had given up to miſery and deſtruction.

Her earneſt ſupplication produced only a ſmile from the gentleman; who replied, " Come, come, Mother Commode plays me no tricks, I have paid her too handſomely to relinquiſh my bargain:" ſaying this he attempted to embrace her.

Matilda ſprang from her chair, and puſhed him from her; by the glaſs hung a ſmall tuck, which had been left there by one of Commode's viſitors: ſeizing it as the only means to avoid diſhonour, ſhe forcibly exclaimed, " Cruel and remorſeleſs wretch! in the liſt of your hapleſs victims, Matilda Williams will not be numbered."

For a while her purchaſer beheld her with aſtoniſhment, a fit of trembling ſeized him, and he exclaimed, " Matilda Williams!—Yes, it is, it is my ſiſter! Anſwer to a brother's call, live to a brother's affection, denied thee by a cruel father, gone to his account; and a remorſeleſs ſiſter, who will mourn her perfidy in bitterneſs and anguiſh."

Matilda denied not now, the embrace of her brother, who immediately informed her, that he had been in England about two months; that the death of his father and the marriage of his ſiſter were circumſtances which did not materially affect him; as the one he left at an early age, conſequently he could not be ſuppoſed to take his loſs much to heart, except an accumulation of fortune could be deemed an affliction; and, as to the other, he quitted home while ſhe was but an infant. He added, the circumſtances which led him to the knowledge of Matilda were ſomewhat ſingular.

"Know then," continued he, "that among the many queſtions I put to your ſiſter, one was, 'If you were living, and in what ſituation?' The reaſon given that you did not form a part of the family was diſgraceful in itſelf; but little did ſhe imagine I ſhould ſo ſoon diſcover her real character.

"You weep, Matilda! dry your tears. The event of this day, and the cruelties you have experienced, have awakened my compaſſion, and ſoftened my heart. I ſhall henceforth feel as a brother ought towards ſuch a ſiſter, and pity the unfortunate wherever I may find them.

"I will not revive unpleaſant ſenſations, by repeating what you muſt already know and remember

but too well. On the afternoon of the day, your ſiſter informed me of the loſs of the watch and ring, and of your diſmiſſion from the houſe, a ſpark flew from the grate, her apron inſtantly took fire, which I ſoon extinguiſhed, but not before ſhe had fallen into a fit. We were alone, and without alarming the family, ſeeing her keys by her ſide, I opened a ſmall cordial cabinet, in which I expected to find ſomething to reſtore her.

" Judge of my ſurpriſe, my wronged and inſulted Matilda, when I diſcovered in a drawer the ring and watch! The watch I well remembered, as I requeſted my father to give it me, on my departure for the Indies: his reply was, ' win one, boy, and wear it. When I die this ſhall be yours.'

" Inſtantly I put them in my pocket, replaced the keys, and left her, yet inſenſible, to the care of the maid, who entered the room at that moment, with orders to ſee to her miſtreſs.

" I then repaired to my brother, who was engaged in examining ſome papers, and informed him of the accident which had happened to Mrs. Robins. We returned to the room where ſhe was immediately, and found her perfectly recovered. I had now a very ſhort part to act, before I made my laſt bow to my *immaculate* ſiſter.

" During tea I renewed the ſubject of the watch and ring, obſerving, that as I was going to London, I might, by taking proper meaſures, be able to reſtore what they ought to ſet a proper value upon. ' In fact,' I added, ' the trinkets are my right, which however I do not mean to inſiſt upon.'

" Mrs. Robins not returning an immediate anſwer, I ſaid, ' ſurely, madam, you ought at leaſt to ſet a proper value on what belonged to your father. If I remember right, the device on the ſeal was *a ſhip in a ſtorm, an angel holding from the clouds an anchor, ſeen with joy by the diſtreſſed mariners.*

" Being replied to in the affirmative, I inſtantly, fixing my eyes upon her, drew from my pocket the *ring*, ſaying, ' Need I produce the watch?'

" The guilty woman remained ſilent, then roſe from her ſeat, retired to the fartheſt part of the room, and, burſting into tears, hid her face in her handkerchief.

" Mr. Robins inquired how I had been able to produce the witneſſes of your ſiſter's ſhame? in anſwer, I related the circumſtance which led to their hiding-place, adding, ' And had you, my good Sir, any ſhare in this *humane* buſineſs?' I was pleaſed to hear him atteſt his innocence, nor was I leſs

ſatisfied in his declaring, it was an act of ſuch a dark nature, that it would wean his affection from her for ever.

" To do Mrs. Robins every juſtice, let me add, ſhe earneſtly intreated my acceptance of the watch, which I refuſed, and took the ring in preference. Here it is, my deareſt ſiſter, keep it as belonging to our mutual parent, preſerve it as emblematic of ourſelves.

" Was not *my* mind clouded by the prejudice of education? Your reſtoration, and the manner in which I was led to it, have called forth reflections on what I have been. I deteſt my former ſelf, and will ever protect and cheriſh the beloved, the wronged ſiſter, whom I have reſcued from the ſtorm which threatened her.

Mr. Williams faithfully kept his promiſe: Matilda is now happy in the partner of her choice and love, to whom ſhe was united after ſhe had remained about two years under the roof of her affectionate and reclaimed brother.

Mrs. Whinum, detected in her iniquity, left the kingdom, and in her paſſage to America, fell ill and died a ſacrifice to ſtrong liquors, which, when re-

flection came upon her, she constantly applied to, to drown its severe upbraidings.

As to Mrs. Commode, that lady, taking cold in an *elevated station*, and being somewhat roughly treated before her *hour* expired, took to her chamber, from which, with life, she returned no more.

Mr. and Mrs. Robins have been parted several years, and the latter exists on a very small allowance from her husband.

On Matilda's marriage, her brother made over thirty thousand pounds of his princely fortune, and preferring a single life, enjoys the society of his brother and sister, making one of the family. When any little quarrels arise among his nephews and nieces, their uncle is generally peace-maker, and if ever these disputes are referred to Mrs. Belcour, her brother is sure to exclaim, "Remember, my sister, former days, remember your own sufferings occasioned by

THE PARTIAL PARENT.

MARY.

The following is founded on Fact, and humbly ſubmitted to the ſerious Conſideration of every Mother in the World of Faſhion.

I TRACE the wild courſe, gently trickling round
The ſacred ſpot where fancy loves to dream;
And ſooth'd I liſten to the penſive ſound,
That marks the progreſs of my ſilver ſtream.

How ſweet its murmurs ſteal upon mine ear,
When in the hour of grief I weeping turn
To Mary's grove, to nurſe reflection dear,
And weep, with memory, over Mary's urn!

When life was young, and innocence, and glee,
Crown'd the ſwift lapſe of every varied hour;
How oft, my Mary, have I rov'd with thee
O'er ſmiling meads to pluck the early flower:
Which drooping ſoon, its modeſt beauties ſhed,
An emblem of thyſelf, now numbered with the dead.

Numbered with the dead! for ever loſt to a world ſhe loved ſo well! But, my brother, her life was ſtained with no crime; ſhe fell a victim to errors

deeply atoned for, and our Mary is gone to heaven!

Spoiled by the example of a vain and weak parent, Mary's generous, but deluded heart, was enſnared by the voice of FASHION, ever at war with NATURE. Our ſecond Mary, buried in the ſame coffin, preſented to my tear-full eyes, as I kiſſed them both for the laſt time, the exact reſemblance of its ill-fated mother!

Come, my brother, and join me in my griefs; let us hold converſe on Mary's virtues and pity her errors:—has ſhe not died for them? Yes, her miſeries were deep, her repentance was ſincere!

Mrs. Meanwell, grown grey in the family, has juſt left me. This worthy woman it was who bore the infant on the never to be forgotten day it was brought home by its unfeeling nurſe, to its miſguided mother, who beheld in anguiſh ſevere and heart-rending, her expiring, her murdered innocent!

It was Mary's wiſh to rear her own child; had not your mother oppoſed it, by arguments to which in an evil moment, even your father and myſelf liſtened and ſubſcribed to. But when we beheld it, as we did, reduced, by adopting council we ought to

have firmly rejected, we requeſted Mrs. Meanwell to repair to the chamber of your mother, who was preparing for a concert; bid her turn from her toilet, and contemplate, as ſhe ought, the famiſhed babe before her.

You know, and have often lamented, the frivolity of her mind, ſo ill ſuited to her years. Mrs. Meanwell opened the door, as ſhe was charged to do, without the leaſt ceremony; for your father ſaid, "Take her by ſurpriſe, and ſee if ſhe ſtill owns a heart!"

The good woman, conſidering the mournful buſineſs ſhe was upon, as the greateſt object, performed her injunctions, and interrupted your mother in her trifling employment by preſenting the child, ſaying at the ſame time with an accuſing accent, "Behold, madam, behold this dear little martyr." The devotee to parade and etiquette, felt her conſequence inſulted, and after a ſhort pauſe ſhe exclaimed,—"How could you preſume, Mrs. Meanwell, to produce ſuch a ſight, at ſuch a moment. I declare I ſhall not enjoy concert or company after this."

Your enraged father, went with me into a ſtudy where we could hear all that paſſed. With extreme agitation he uttered, "Heard you that my ſon! now will I caſt her off, and never ſee her more."

" I am ſorry madam," ſaid Mrs. Meanwell—Her miſtreſs interrupting her, replied, " Well you may; I tell you, woman, you have diſturbed me extremely, and I repeat, officious creature, that after this, I cannot enjoy concert or company!"

Your father, my dear George, perfectly groaned with ſmothered rage! in extreme fury he ran to his lady, and exclaimed, " CANNOT ENJOY CONCERT OR COMPANY!!" Seeing her attempting to ſpeak, he ſaid in a loud and rapid voice, " Infatuated, ſhameleſs woman! I command your ſilence; I command you to remain at home." Rather imprudently, the lady with a look of contempt uttered, " What mean you, Sir; will you ſo far preſume, as to inſult me with a command?" And now a faint and dying cry from the poor babe, threw him into madneſs: his looks, his paſſion, became terrible indeed, he ran to the toilet, where your mother, ſeemingly in triumph, was placing a patch on her cheek, as if regardleſs of his diſpleaſure, and with his cane deſtroyed every thing upon it.

Shrieking with vexation ſhe ran into her cloſet, on which your father, locking the door, ſaid with a tremendous oath, " There madam remain, for never more ſhall you join the deteſtable crew, among whom you have relinquiſhed every ſenſe of ſhame or humanity."

He returned to the ſtudy, and, I muſt own, fearful of the conſequences, I perſuaded him to be more calm: alarmed for my poor wife, I told him his rage would only increaſe the afflictions of his daughter.

Oh George let me be brief, I fear ſhe heard your father! we found her in ſtrong convulſions, which at midnight overpowered her, and ſhe expired!

And now, my brother, let me intreat you to come to a father who I fear will look up no more. He has forgiven his lady, but he ſtill will not ſee her. Now, George, ſhe is an object of pity, for with all her faults I believed ſhe had a regard for her daughter.

Look down as I do with diſdain, with abhorrence on the world of diſſipation.

The laws of Faſhion, allow not its unbluſhing votaries to liſten to the dictates of maternal affection. Her commands are, " When thy father or thy mother, thy wife or thy child, are ſummoned from my courts; remember thou art ſtrickly forbidden to drop a tear *over their graves.* That is ſacrificing to NATURE, and thoſe once ſeen at her rites, muſt never preſume to attend thoſe of FASHION.

A PICTURE FOR MOTHERS,

Taken from the Original.

FEW there be, who have not at one time or other, entered the ſolitary confines of a country church yard, and, in a contemplative mood, pondered over the words, " A good wife, a tender mother, a ſincere friend."

When death lays its icy hand on the amiable and benevolent Mrs. Bentley, ſuch may be inſerted on the recording ſtone, which will cover the remains of the moſt exemplary character that ever exiſted.

In the fourteenth ſummer after her marriage, Mrs. Bentley was bereft of an affectionate and worthy huſband. An infant train claimed her attention, and, in performing the duties of a mother, ſhe medicined her grief, and experienced the ſoft and gentle balm of conſolation.

For many years it has been her cuſtom, at ſtated periods, to call her family together, to deliver to them leſſons of inſtruction, gathered from experience, and embelliſhed by fancy.

Her eldeſt daughter, Maria, was a perfect beauty, but alas, Maria knew it. To the friend of her heart, Mrs. Bentley has often ſaid, " I know not how to account for it, but while, with the admiration of a perhaps too fond mother, I dwell on the lovely face of that dear child, my heart ſinks within me, impreſſed with mournful forebodings."

Maria's temper was perverſe and unamiable, and her mind was tainted by vanity, which yielded not to reproof or council. Alas! Mrs. Bentley looked forward to a future day, when Maria might liſten to the breathings of adulation, imbibe its ſubtile poiſon, and become a ſacrifice to the ſnares of the cruel and unprincipled.

Maria's birth day arrived, when ſhe numbered ſixteen years. On the morning which uſhered it in, her mother, ſurrounded by her children, offered up to heaven her fervent prayers for its bleſſing and protection.

This duty performed, Mrs. Bentley and her young family were joined by ſome friends, invited on the occaſion.

When they were ſeated in the little parlour, Mrs. Bentley ſaid, " As it has ever been my cuſtom to keep the birth day of all my children, who are

equally dear to me, ſo have you, my kind friends, indulged me with your attention to ſuch ſubjects as I have choſen for the morning of their little feſtival.

" I have now to ſpeak of poor Letitia Markham, once the boaſt and pride of the neighbouring village! You all knew her well, while bleſt with innocence, and happy in the eſteem of the virtuous and the good.

" A year has not paſſed, ſince her father indulged her in her wiſh to ſee London: ſhe became enamoured of its diſſipations! The houſe of her uncle preſented a continued ſcene of faſhion and pleaſure; there ſhe liſtened to the voice of ſeduction; at a maſquerade gave the meeting to her betrayer; and took an eternal leave of honour, happineſs, and repoſe.

" A few months Letitia lived in ſplendour, which a wounded conſcience forbade the enjoyment of.—She often wrote to her uncle, in extreme anguiſh of mind, entreating him to receive her, and not break her father's heart, by an abrupt information of his daughter's guilt and miſery.

" Her uncle returned no anſwer to her letters; ſevere reflection preyed upon her mind, impaired her

health, and deſtroyed that beauty which had proved her ruin.

" Illicit pleaſure for a time may delude its votaries, but their enjoyments terminate in ruin on this ſide the grave, while deſpair dwells on the dreadful *unknown* beyond it.

" Finding her ſtrength daily decreaſing, and determined at all events to ſee her father, and implore his forgiveneſs, ſhe concluded on returning to the peaceful plains of her nativity.

" Her unhappy parent was with me on the afternoon of his Letitia's arrival; her long ſilence had made the poor gentleman very uneaſy; when my ſervant came in and informed us, that Miſs Markham had juſt entered the garden gate.

" Mr. Markham, in great agitation, roſe from his ſeat, but before he could get to the door, his daughter was on her knees before him.

" The young lady made an apology, ſaying,— ' Mrs. Bentley once honoured me with her eſteem and friendſhip, hearing that my father was with her, and the walk but a ſhort one, I took the liberty of coming here, in order to return home with him.'

" Mr. Markham looked at her with a mixture of grief and ſurpriſe, and then ſaid, ' Welcome, deareſt child, to thy father's arms :—but why ſo pale, and why that tear, Letitia?'

" Miſs Markham made ſome faint reply. It was but too evident all was not right. When they roſe to depart, I propoſed bearing them company: my offer was accepted; on entering her father's door, the poor young creature graſped my hand, and ſaid in a low tremulous accent, ' Mrs. Bentley will ſoon know all!'

" In a few days I was ſent for to Mr. Markham's. I found him in tears—his child had juſt breathed her laſt.

" When he was able to ſpeak, he ſaid, ' Oh Mrs. Bentley, my child, my dear loſt child, has fallen a victim to the cruel, cruel neglect of a brother: religion forbids my curſes, but heaven in its own good time will requite him!'

" He then related every circumſtance reſpecting his daughter, from the hour of her departure for London, to that of her death; adding, ' Alas! I did not think her end was ſo near; but the dear unfortunate was ſo ſenſible of it herſelf, as to be grateful to the God of mercies that ſhe had been

permitted to ſee her father, and to die in his preſence.

" In the hour that tore her from me, ſhe took both my hands in her's, kiſſed them, and wept! ſaying, ' and are you indeed by me my father, and do you pardon all?' I could do no more than kiſs her livid lips: ſhe became compoſed, and continued, ' I know you will perform my dying requeſt, which is, to relate *my* ſtory to the parent of MARIA.'

The eyes of Maria at this moment met thoſe of her mother, who ſaid, " You wept my child, and thankful was my heart in beholding your tears, as the tolling bell announced the approach of the ſorrowing train, following the ſiſter of their love to her early tomb."

Mrs. Bentley concluded with ſaying " My taſk is done! I have only, in the fullneſs of my heart, to implore that being, who alone can avert ills, and beſtow bleſſings, to incline the child of my ſoul to humility and goodneſs:—may ſhe ponder over what ſhe has now heard, and may Letitia's fate prove Maria's warning.

FARMER FULLERTON.

If any of my kind Patrons recollect THE PICTURE FOR MOTHERS *in its original State, they will perceive that I have given a new Character to Mr. Markham and have transferred a ſmall Portion of the old one to Farmer* FULLERTON.

FULLERTON was an Eſſex farmer of no ſmall repute; his wealth procured him a bow from the rector, and a ſmile from the ſquire, who well knew the value of ſuch men at a general election.

His firſt wife had lain quietly in her grave for near a twelvemonth, and his black coat was becoming a little ruſty; but Fullerton as little inclined to ſables as to a ſingle ſtate, thought like a prudent man, that, if it *was* ſomewhat ſhabby, it ſhould yet laſt *its time* out.

It happened, however, that owing to want of time, want of heart, or to ſome cauſe or other, ſeveral ſolitary years paſſed over Fullerton's head, and no partner to grace his ſide, and govern his houſhold.

At length he was honoured with a viſit from the

ſquire, who invited him to make one of a ſhooting party at the ſeat of a friend, a few miles from Fullerton-farm.

This was an honour he could not think of refuſing; in the evening the glaſs circulated freely; every man gave his favourite lady; but when it came to poor Fullerton's turn, he was at a loſs for *a name*. This produced an explanation, and one of the company exclaimed with an oath, that it was a ſhame for a man of his accompliſhments to think of looking among the country dowdies for a wife; adding, "My dear friend, I have a ſiſter as handſome as an angel, and as fond as a dove; come, come, you ſhall go with me to Hanover Square, where my houſe, ſervants, and equipage, ſhall be at your diſpoſal:—all I can ſay is, JANE's at mine, and you ſhall marry her in a week: that is if you like her.'

Hanover-Square! ſervants! equipage! for a ſpace ſuſpended his power of utterance; another round recovered the aſtoniſhed Fullerton; another to the amiable Jane completed the buſineſs, and the next morning a chariot and four conveyed the farmer and his friend to London.

Fullerton had nothing to do but to ſee the lady, the thoughts of ſuch an alliance forbade his aſking any queſtions concerning her fortune: in leſs than

a week they were married; and, within the honey-moon, the farmer had the honour to accommodate his new brother in law with the loan of *two thouſand pounds*.

Young, handſome, and haughty, Mrs. Fullerton conſidered the ſubſtantial and characteriſtic furniture which had ſerved the farm houſe for many a year, as ill ſuited to her rank and intentions. It was conveyed away, and its place ſupplied with ſophas, pier-glaſſes, ſtate-beds, and every article of modern extravagance.

Unhappily for the lady, ſhe did not recollect that her brother had given her to Fullerton to repair his ruined fortunes; and that in marrying an induſtrious member in ſociety, ſhe had forfeited every claim to the reſpect and attention of her former acquaintance. Thus, when the antiquated manſion of her already repenting huſband, was furniſhed to the taſte of its new miſtreſs, and its time-worn floors were bending beneath their unnatural load, by no means pairing with old walls, low roofs, and dark caſements, ſhe found to her extreme mortification, that ſhe had been preparing for thoſe who now looked down upon her with contempt.

A long and dreary winter paſſed and gone, the ſpirit of Mrs. Fullerton was nearly broken. A

ſecond application from her brother for money, early in the ſpring, opened the eyes of the deluded farmer. Suſpicion took place of love, and he relaxed in his attentions towards a woman he could no longer eſteem.

At this humiliating period, ſhe received an unexpected viſit from Lord Bannermore to invite her and Miſs Fullerton to paſs a few weeks in London. At the moment the lady had conſented to go, the farmer entered the room.

The nobleman ſtared through his opera-glaſs, gave a diſtant nod, and Fullerton returned as diſtant a bow. The great man then condeſcended to ſay, "Farmer, take leave of my friend, and your fair daughter; they go with me to my houſe, to remain there for ſome time. This curſed hole is by no means ſuited to the rank of the one, or to the divine attractions of the other."

Fullerton now gave his lordſhip look for look; then turning to his wife, he ſaid, "and who, madam, told you that I had a daughter ſo very beautiful?—But come, I will ſpeak to my poor girl now, whom I have too long kept under and neglected:—She is of more conſequence to me at this moment, than either a wife I am aſhamed of, or a lord I deſpiſe."

"That lowering brow, Sir, may as well be ſmoothed: the preſence of a gentleman ſo well acquainted with the nature of your viſit to this houſe, if I miſtake not, will ſoon render you more alive to fear, than to reſentment.

"Call to mind your unmanly attempt to turn honeſt Haſtings out of his farm, for voting againſt a creature of your own raiſing. Remember too, his defender, whoſe principles reflect honour on his profeſſion; who took up the poor man's cauſe, which terminated in your laſting diſgrace; and learn, that, he is the real friend who now ſaves *me* from deſtruction!

"The brother of this woman, by whoſe perſuaſions I have been deceived, and diſgraced, once told me, ſhe was in all things obedient. It was a remark which *you*, my lord, can ſubſcribe to the juſtice of.

"The law will ſoon divide us, and then you are at liberty to act as you pleaſe. In the mean time, the child you would have robbed me of, I beſtow, with all my heart, on the man who will love, cheriſh, and protect her.

"But how could you, madam, expect that my daughter would, at your bidding, conſent to leave

the place of her nativity? perhaps you preſumed upon the knowledge of how far her father had been wanting to himſelf, and imagined, that his child would be found equally weak, and equally open, to the powers of artifice and perſuaſion."

He then rang the bell, and gave orders that farmer Rhodes might be ſent for directly. In a few minutes the young man arrived; entering the room his lordſhip's *ſtar* attracted his gaze, which Fullerton perceiving, ſaid, "Let me deſire of you to be ſeated, and to pay reſpect *only* where it is due."

Fullerton then ſent for his daughter, and led her to farmer Rhodes, ſaying, "Nancy, you have been a good girl, and have deſerved a better father, but I will make up for paſt neglect. Rhodes has loved you long, and I cannot do better than give you to an honeſt man." Nancy and her enraptured lover were diſſolved in tears of joy and ſurpriſe.

"My Lord," ſays Fullerton, "contemplate the honeſt joy of that faithful pair; and now, my daughter, tell me, what I have ſome cauſe to ſuſpect, have not you received a letter from his lordſhip?" The trembling girl looked at Rhodes, who replied for her, by producing one. Fearful of her father's diſpleaſure, ſhe had ſent it to her lover. It was

merely complimentary, and ended with an invitation to Bannermore-Houſe, along with her mother.

Fullerton now requeſted the preſence of Mr. Davis, a gentleman of the law, and an honour to the profeſſion. Mr. Davis was an old friend of the farmer's, and it was under his directions that he governed his conduct, at a moment which required all his prudence and fortitude.

Mr. Davis entered, took his ſeat without ſeeming to notice his lordſhip: ſaying to the farmer, "Well, my friend, what ſervice can I render you?"

"For that you *have* rendered," replied Fullerton, "I ſhall be grateful to the lateſt hour of my exiſtence. I now wiſh, in your preſence, my worthy ſir, to ſpeak to this man, who, I am told, is Lord Bannermore.

"What could induce your lordſhip to write to an innocent girl, who has known only virtue, and who has not a wiſh to wander beyond the home of her father. I have carefully kept her apart from my wife, for it is my misfortune to ſuſpect the ſociety of that wife would have proved her bane.

"This letter, however, only expoſes your folly, but my friend here is in the poſſeſſion of one which

will prove your guilt, and procure to me, an eternal ſeparation from a monſter!"

Mrs. Fullerton turned pale, which Fullerton perceiving, ſaid, " Mr. Davis, let all my family be aſſembled, and let this woman's infamy be known as far as we can ſpread it."

Mr. Davis rang the bell, and the room was preſently filled by a number of witneſſes, to whom a letter from his lordſhip was read, which contained an offer of protection for life, and a very conſiderable ſum for the perſon of the farmer's daughter, Nancy. On the back of the letter, was a copy of Mrs. Fullerton's anſwer, which fully confirmed her conſent to the offer of infamy.

" Soon, madam," ſays Fullerton, " you may go where inclination may lead you. I truſt his lordſhip knows too well the value of money to think of rewarding you for his *diſappointment*. Mr. Davis will ſoon, by legal means, rid me of ſo vile a partner; and you will as ſoon experience—that guilt is the parent of miſery!

" Depend on't your needy brother will not chuſe to ſhelter you, a cunning man never yet owned humanity.

"My child, whom you and your's have robbed, and the worthy man of her choice, ſhall henceforth ſhare all my regard. To his own reflections, I leave the wretch who took advantage of the moment when I was loſt to myſelf. The two thouſand pounds he procured in a way a man of honour would have ſhrunk from, this gentleman informs me (pointing to Mr Davis), was his laſt reſource. And the houſe in Hanover-Square, where I had the misfortune firſt to behold you, he holds no longer.

"For the preſent, madam, repair to your chamber, which I ſhall enter no more. From its window view my humble garden, and fertile fields, which you have ſo often ſpoken of with contempt, and, if you can, congratulate yourſelf that you are ſoon to leave them for ever. Come, my lord, reſerve ceremony for *Bannermore-Houſe*.—Begone, madam, nor inſult me with caſting a look towards that titled ſpoiler, providentially diſappointed of his prey."

Mrs. Fullerton thought it prudent to obey, and inſtantly withdrew in ſilence and confuſion. His lordſhip yet remained, meaſuring the room with an affected ſtride, and ſtopping at intervals to adjuſt his dreſs in the glaſs. But his mortification was but too evident, nor could all his art diſguiſe his inward feelings.

Whatever might be the nature of his contemplations, they were ſoon interrupted by the farmer; who advancing towards him, while ſtanding at the glaſs, ſaid, " Come, my lord, that mirror, if it remains, muſt reflect better objects than yourſelf.—Your preſence is unpleaſing, and I think the little ceremony you have preſerved towards the maſter of this humble dwelling, fully juſtifies him in inſiſting on your immediate departure."

Lord Bannermore ſmiled; with a glance of contempt turned on his heel; called for his carriage to draw up; entered it amidſt the hootings of the honeſt peaſants, and in a few ſeconds, left the village to its original tranquillity, and the manſion of Fullerton to its old repoſe.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.